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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Colonial Conference completed its labours on Tuesday. What has been the nature of the success which Ministerialists talk of? A great demonstration has never had result more disproportionate. Dr. Jameson in the City on Wednesday declared that the alteration of one word is the one practical step taken. Imperial is to be substituted for colonial, and that it appears is something to be thankful for, because it means that future Conferences will not be under the control of the Colonial Office. So at least the colonial Premiers seem to think. On not one single point of a practical character did the Government meet the wishes of the Premiers. Even the project for an All Red route across Canada to Australia and New Zealand was only supported in principle. The importance of a rapid service—which might bring Australia within three weeks of Great Britain—cannot be over-estimated, and to secure it the colonies are prepared to make considerable pecuniary sacrifice. All the Imperial Government are prepared to do is to institute an expert inquiry. Where they have not met colonial proposals with an icy no they have committed themselves to nothing. The colonies can now understand the value of Liberal professions.

It is a great pity, but somehow it seems impossible for a fiscal debate ever to be interesting again. It is always the same thing. Mr. Balfour put his position plainly enough, and Mr. Asquith expressed his inability to follow him. It is extraordinary that these two first-rate intellects should not yet have discovered even a common ground of difference intelligible to both. Surely by this time they must know that their point of view is so contradictory that it is impossible for either to apprehend the position. In that case, they had better give one another up as hopeless. And it must be said for Mr. Balfour that he does recognise the weariness and apparent uselessness of constantly going over the same ground with Mr. Asquith. But Mr. Asquith

treads the same weary road, unaffected as any blindfold horse turning a mill. He does not admit that either his Budget or the declarations of the colonial Premiers have introduced a single new element in the fiscal controversy. He says now that everybody knew that the colonies had offered preferential tariffs in favour of British trade. Everybody, including Mr. Asquith, may have known it; but everybody, including Mr. Asquith, did not say it, especially at election time.

"There is in this country a disposition to bask in the sense of our own magnanimity." The significance of Mr. Lyttelton's remark at the dinner of the Imperial South African Association was, we may be sure, not lost upon any of the guests, including Mr. Churchill. For once in a way the Colonial Under-Secretary was almost genial in his references to political matters. South Africa, he suggested, is passing out of the arena of party. He even acknowledged that the present Government have had advantages in dealing with the great problem of the Transvaal which their predecessors did not enjoy. History, he thinks, will record that whereas it was the function of one party in England to win the victory in South Africa, it was the function of the other party to effect a reconciliation without which that victory would have been vain. It is a fancy which does credit to Mr. Churchill's imagination. It is his way of asking us to forget that the interests of the British have been placed at the mercy of their lately implacable foes. Let us hope that General Botha, by being as good as his word, will justify Mr. Churchill's claim. The real chance for the future of South Africa is to be found in federation, when Dutch preponderance in a particular State will be less vital than it is under present conditions.

By refusing to promise an early opportunity for discussing the situation in India Mr. Morley has given proof that he recognises the urgency of showing a united British front in the repression of sedition. It is very important, he declared, that agitators should not be able to say that the House of Commons was divided in opinion. Even the limited amount of firmness displayed by the Indian Government and the Secretary of State has had an immediate effect on the activity of the disloyalists in India. It is of course resented by certain of their supporters at home. There could be no greater misfortune than that any of the Indian officials who have shown decision and strength in dealing with the

situation should again suffer for want of support. It is a little disquieting that Sir D. Ibbetson, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Panjab, who seems to have shown the way to a firm policy, has been suddenly obliged to return home for six months to undergo a slight operation. There are very good surgeons in Simla and Calcutta who daily perform serious operations with success.

It is doubtful whether Lord Cromer and his record strike on the imagination of the mass of English people: the element of sensation is so notably absent in all that relates to him. Lord Cromer has never really moved the million as, for instance, Dr. Jameson did; a pet public name or nickname for him is unthinkable. But to the thinking as distinguished from the heady section of the public Lord Cromer and his work are deeply interesting, and the welcome given to him on Monday on his return to London was heartfelt. But why is it thought necessary to explain, as various papers have been doing, that he was received by the King, who "cordially" shook hands with him? There is a certain touch of absurdity in an announcement like this which serves no purpose whatever. It is due no doubt to a desire to write up the occasion; but such things might safely be left to the imagination of the public. Reduced to cold print they appear ridiculous.

There was a debate in the House of Commons on Wednesday about the administration of the Congo State. It was as vague and indeterminate as such debates have always been. Sir Edward Grey explained the views of the Government, and they resolve themselves into the hope that the Belgian Government will assume responsibility for the government of the State. This is generally accepted as the best solution, but how is Belgium to be pricked on to take this step? The Belgian dealings with the matter have not so far been satisfactory. There is talk of a scheme of annexation by Belgium, but one doubt about it is whether Belgium will in fact accept full national responsibility. Sir Edward Grey proposes to wait to see what the scheme will be. If that breaks down, there is the resource of an international conference; and a poor resource it must be judging from Sir Edward Grey's diplomatic and cautious references to the international jealousies and difficulties which would be aroused by it.

After five days' debate on the French Government's dealings with the labour agitations, the Chamber has voted approval of the declarations of the Government. It has been a remarkable debate, marked by intense speeches from M. Briand, M. Jaurès and M. Clémenceau amongst many others. But its two broad features are first the rupture between the main Socialist body under M. Jaurès and the rest of the Republican bloc; second, the growing influence of M. Briand in the Republican party at the expense of M. Clémenceau. But for M. Briand, it is doubtful whether the Government would not have been defeated. He assured the Republican sections that his and M. Clémenceau's views are the same; but in fact they were satisfied with M. Briand's and dissatisfied with M. Clémenceau's speech. The position is not pleasant for M. Clémenceau when he is supported not for his own sake but for M. Briand's; and it is decidedly precarious.

Very remarkable effects have followed from the first elections held in Austria under universal suffrage. The Emperor supported the franchise movement as a means of putting an end to the particularism which distracted the nation and paralysed the Reichsrath. In place of a Reichsrath composed of representatives of intransigent nationalism, it was hoped that parties representing broad general lines of policy instead of racial antipathies would be returned. This is what has happened. Most of the new members have been returned either by the Christian Socialist or the Social Democrat parties. They formed small groups only in the last Reichsrath: now they divide the House between them and the rest are the small groups. Second ballots are still to be held, and the Socialists may be somewhat stronger than the Christian Socialists.

This is a remarkable result, and if the Socialists in Austria had shown themselves anti-imperialist, anti-militarist and revolutionary, as they have in other

countries, the Emperor's Government could not be congratulated on the change. But none of these ugly features have, as yet at any rate, appeared; their loyalty to the Emperor has been marked, and they have actually co-operated with him in introducing the new system. They have a practical programme of social reform which they appear desirous to carry out by having the Emperor on their side. There are considerable differences in their social projects from those entertained by the Christian Socialists or new Clerical party, and the secular motive of the Socialists makes a fundamental distinction between them and the Christian Socialists. Roughly, we might compare the tendency towards secularism of English Liberals and the Church principles of the Conservatives to the differences of the two great Austrian parties: though the opposition is more pronounced there than here. The crucial question now is whether the Austrian Socialists will continue to be as practical and unvisionary as they have hitherto been.

The publication of the text of Mr. Birrell's Irish Councils Bill reveals the absolute dishonesty of the attitude which he took in the debate on Sir Horace Plunkett's position. Mr. Dillon, who has always been a fierce enemy of the co-operative movement in Irish agriculture, desiring to drive Sir Horace from public life, chose his ground with skill, and brought forward in the House a motion, attractive to English Liberals, to the effect that it was essential that the head of the Irish Department of Agriculture should be in the House of Commons. Mr. Birrell gaily accepted the principle. It is now revealed that he must at the time have had in his pocket a Bill which definitely and finally removes the representative of that department from Parliament. It is of course true that the Plunkett debate assumed the continuance of the present system of Irish government.

But Mr. Birrell knew and the Nationalists must have known that, if the forthcoming Bill passed, the principle affirmed by the House of Commons in the Plunkett debate could be operative only for a few weeks. In other words, the necessity of the Ministerial character of the Vice-Presidency was paraded in order to enable the Government to sacrifice Sir Horace Plunkett to Mr. Dillon at the very moment that it had been decided that, in the interests of efficient departmental administration, it was essential that the head of the Irish Department of Agriculture should not be in Parliament. There have been few such discreditable intrigues in recent political life. The reputation Mr. Birrell may have had for sound judgment is indeed imperilled by the publication of his Bill. But we can all recognise the difficulties entailed by the drafting of a scheme for devolution. Mr. Birrell has, however, only himself to thank for the fact that the charge of crookedness must now be added to that of incompetence.

Mr. T. W. Russell has been chosen as Sir Horace Plunkett's successor. It is an amazing appointment to those who remember his career. Here is an office which has been a success because it has been carried on—and one might say created—by a man who detached himself from party politics. It is now given to a man who has been associated with all that is strenuous and bitter and uncompromising in party politics. Save for his short comfortless tenure of office under—think of it!—Mr. Chaplin at the Local Government Board, Mr. T. W. Russell has been nothing if not a fighter in party war. Out-Orangeing the ultra-Orangeman, we can most of us remember him preparing to die in the last ditch of Ulster. Was not Mr. Chamberlain a mild Unionist, in language at least, compared with Mr. T. W. Russell? And did not Mr. Russell supply him with the ammunition which blew up poor Mr. Dillon in the famous muddle Mr. Dillon made over Mitchelstown?

It was thought to be the fault of Sir Horace Plunkett that he would not fling himself heavily enough into the arms of either party: evidently it is the forte of Mr. T. W. Russell that he has flung himself very heavily into the arms of both parties. Uncompromising Liberal, uncompromising Unionist, uncompromising



Nationalist; and then the Board of Agriculture and technical instruction to end up with! Mr. Russell is recognised by everybody as a remarkable man, fearless, unrelenting and honest, but his career is more remarkable than himself. He will no doubt work hard in his new office, and we hope that for the sake of Ireland he will succeed. But it is a pure experiment and it is also an obvious job.

The Dublin city police are men of great physique, but, if Mr. Healy and his friends and Mr. Redmond and his are to get seats on the Irish Council which Mr. Birrell proposes to create, the force may find its work cut out for it. Mr. Healy has just made a statement on the new Bill and on Mr. Redmond's attitude, which might almost gratify Sinn Féin itself. It seems that the anti-Home Rule element in the Cabinet sheared the Bill drastically, and that Mr. Redmond was not strong enough to resist the reservations of what Mr. Healy calls the Roseberyite section during the time he was "in consultation" with the Government. This, at any rate, is Mr. Healy's account of the business, and we presume he is informed. Meanwhile it must be said that Mr. Redmond is acting cautiously in excluding Mr. Healy from the forthcoming National Convention to consider the Bill. The ablest by far of all the Nationalist leaders, Mr. Healy is extraordinarily inconvenient at a time like this to Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon.

Mr. Chaplin has been returned by a huge majority at Wimbledon. We should like to think with him—though did he really use these words?—that his success was a "staggering blow to the Government", but are not quite sanguine enough for this. The figures undoubtedly show that Preference is very popular in a most important town constituency, and that the Government is unpopular. Mr. Chaplin had no very serious opponent, but his majority would no doubt have been three or four thousand against the strongest man the Liberals could have put up. Now that Mr. Chaplin has been brought back, it is to be hoped that the whips and organisers may look a little more to the interests and claims of younger men whose services are really needed by the party. Brains and new blood are wanted by a party as well as interesting types and survivals.

What has happened with the interviewers this week? According to the interviewed they cannot write down anything precisely. Mr. Churchill—whose solemn virtue is becoming so heavy that he will soon qualify for the position of *vir pietate gravis* in public life—accuses the "Daily Mail" of wickedly misrepresenting Sir Robert Bond for political purposes; though Sir Robert Bond re-interviewed at Bristol tells reporter number two of the "Daily Mail" that what reporter number one made him say was "substantially true." And then Mr. Chaplin has fallen out with the "Westminster Gazette", whose interviewer made him say "in the cause of Protection—that is what I have fought the election on—and the people are intensely enthusiastic over it" (and who moreover spells his name "Chaplain"! ). Mr. Chaplin stiffly declares: "The statement is his own, not mine. I used no expression of the kind." All this pepper about the authenticity of interviews might surely be avoided. Why not cause the victim to speak into a gramophone?

There can be no question that ideas in favour of introducing some form of compulsory military service are taking a more concrete shape; and many people now seriously attend to what a few years ago was regarded as absolutely impracticable. The meeting of the National Service League on Thursday was of unusual interest through the presence of Mr. Deakin, who, in his usual outright manner, stated the case for compulsion very clearly. In some respects colonial feeling is somewhat in advance of us in this great issue; and Mr. Deakin told us that he hoped to see a form of compulsion introduced into Australia before long. Lord Milner contributed one of his weighty pronouncements in favour of compulsion; and Lord Roberts once more in the very plainest language warned us of the danger of thinking that the invasion of this country is impossible.

The conclusion of the trial of the ten West Ham guardians and officials caused a rush on the evening newspapers. There has not been for long a case whose result at least so evidently interested the public. It seemed as if the remarks of the judge in summing up had been anticipated and agreed with as to the importance of the trial. All the prisoners with the exception of Tarrant were found guilty and their sentences range from two years to six months: with seven years' disfranchisement in the cases of Crump and Hill. The story of Bond, the contractor, though he was *particeps criminis*, revealed an "Augean stable" of corruption which it may be hoped few other public bodies can rival.

Holders of railway stock and shares ought to pray that their directors will agree to discuss matters with the workmen's union. If the directors persist in refusing there will certainly be a strike. It may be prevented if the men's representatives are allowed to place their case before the companies. The great meetings on Sunday in London and other towns show that the men attach great importance to this; and they are only asking for their union what has been conceded in some of the largest industries with good results. The strike is not so imminent as they seemed willing to believe on the Stock Exchange on Monday, when railway shares fell; but everybody must be looking rather anxiously for what may happen about the holiday season: both holiday-makers and drawers of dividends. The directors of most of the railways have refused a meeting, but this will have to be discussed at a conference of the men, and until then how near or how far off the strike may be will not be known.

The report on the administration of the Aliens Act for 1906 raises the suspicion that it is being worked so as to keep as few aliens out of the country as possible. Mr. Gladstone, it is known, interfered to prevent the officials from dealing independently with the cases where exemption was claimed because the aliens alleged political or religious persecution. Owing to the exemption orders of the Secretary of State ninety-three thousand aliens otherwise under the Act escaped inspection; and this is a power which can be used very effectively by a Government not in sympathy with the Act. Thus the number of aliens actually inspected was reduced to sixty-four thousand. Of those only about five hundred were refused admission. Then there is nothing said of the organised system by which aliens are brought in on ships carrying less than twenty passengers, the number which allows a ship to pass as a non-immigrant ship. The only point on which we can regard the Act as producing its due effect is the expulsion of convicted aliens. In three hundred and eight cases two hundred and eighty-seven expulsion orders were made. The proportion of aliens in prison to other prisoners has gone down considerably, the drop in actual numbers being from over four thousand in 1905 to three thousand in 1906.

Is it necessary that a clergyman should be a gentleman? That is the real question the Archbishop of Canterbury was engaged with at the meeting of the Community of the Resurrection on Monday. The Archbishop did not put it quite in those terms—naturally—but "widening the circle from which the clergy are drawn" means nothing else. We all admit nature's gentleman; but are we ready to give up the expectation that clergymen shall be gentlemen in the ordinary sense? The need of more clergymen is so urgent that the sacrifice may be inevitable: but it will be heavy. In purely priestly functions—where, in legal terms, he acts ministerially only—the question of course does not arise—he has the Divine commission; nothing else is relevant. But Anglicans have never accepted the merely priestly view of a clergyman; they have looked to the man as well as the priest. The parish priest was to be a leader and in some ways a social centre. This he will usually cease to be if drawn from a lower class, as are so many of the secular clergy in the Roman Church. Do all of those who urge this widening of the social sources of supply of clergy realise what a peculiarly Anglican characteristic they are touching?

There is a Church matter which requires some clearing up. The advowson of Sevenoaks—which was the property of the Rector—has just been sold. For the sale there were cogent and absolutely unimpeachable reasons which there is no need to go into. The transaction had the full approval of the Bishop of Rochester, under whose advice the Rector of Sevenoaks acted all through. Within a fortnight of the signing of the contract, the name of an appointee was announced—a clergyman of pronounced Low Church views. It is impossible that the Rector, a well-known High Churchman, would have sold the advowson had he had any idea it would result in such an appointment. Nor can a case for this violent change be made out of any of the circumstances of Sevenoaks Church, which during Mr. Curteis' long incumbency has steadily grown in the affections of the parishioners—as witness their present regret and indignation.

Mr. Curteis cannot be described as a "lawbreaker" by even the more enthusiastic of Protestant demagogues. Certain questions arise. Did the Bishop of Rochester know the views of the new man before he was appointed? Did he allow the Rector of Sevenoaks to sign the contract without warning him of the possible, in truth certain, consequences? Did he express any opinion as to the desirability of changes at Sevenoaks Church? Did not the purchaser of the advowson enter into the contract with the express object of appointing a particular man? And did the Bishop of Rochester know this? These are somewhat serious questions. The matter, which has a very unpleasant savour about it, is not done with yet.

The Oxford Appeal has made a good start; over fifty thousand pounds have been subscribed already. And the meeting on Thursday went off very well. It was unfortunate Lord Lansdowne could not be there; but the list of speakers was still a very strong one. Lord Curzon spoke most happily. He attacked a big business with a cheerfulness that emphasised the seriousness of what he was doing. One felt that here was a man whom a heavy job stimulates instead of depressing. This is the man to see it through. Lord Curzon certainly will see it through. Only through ignorance of the fact, or misunderstanding, can this appeal fail; and the Committee appointed by the meeting must prevent either misunderstanding or ignorance. The Oxford public must not be allowed to believe that the University was made rich by the Rhodes bequest—peculiarly she profited by it not at all—or that the colleges could, but will not, of their affluence meet all the University's needs. But the most serious obstacle the appeal has to meet is an uneasy feeling that all this money is to go to utilitarian objects which will improve the humanities out of the University. The meeting, it was very plain, was strongly on the side of the humane ideal for Oxford. This does not shut out growth. There is humanity behind even engineering. This the Oxford appellants see when they assure us that the engineering school will not mean workshops but science.

Last Saturday saw the conclusion of a remarkable fortnight of tennis in which both the amateur and the professional championships changed hands. That Mr. Gould would beat Mr. Miles those who saw their match last year expected. Both matches were close, and one can only say that just as Mr. Miles was slightly the better last year, Mr. Gould was as slightly the better this. The second week gave the wonderful match in which Peter Latham regained from "Punch" Fairs the championship which he lost to him in 1905. It was an extraordinary display. This was Latham's fifth championship match, and—not excepting the famous match with Pettitt—we think he never played better. Peter won the match by seven sets to three, "Punch" succeeding only in capturing the last set of the day on Monday and the third and fourth on Wednesday. He played finely throughout, but Latham was irresistible. Even his service, his old weakness, was seldom at fault, while his return, his defence, his generalship, were as brilliant—as much at command—as ever.

#### WANTED AN INDIAN POLICY.

IT has been the policy of the British Government in India, at least since it came directly under parliamentary influence, to allow free discussion of all public matters on the platform and in the press. Such a policy is of exotic origin, opposed to the ideas and the practice of Asiatic self-governing countries. The native States of India do not tolerate it. Even at the present time those among them which are threatened with political agitation are prohibiting it with more decision and emphasis than the English Government, though they have less to fear. The agitators who vapour and swagger about Calcutta and Lahore are careful to keep clear of the dominions of native rulers. If they think it wise to meddle at all with the affairs of such States, they forge and launch their thunderbolts from the safe vantage ground of British territory.

The practice, moreover, of British India presents a contrast with its constitutional provisions and powers. The penal statutes have many special enactments framed in view of our political position in the country, which make it a crime to use treasonable language, to excite disaffection, to seduce soldiers from their allegiance, to disobey or obstruct public servants, or otherwise threaten the stability of the Government, just as they have clauses to protect widows from sati and debtors from dharna, or to punish acts offensive to the religious feelings of others. The difference lies in the practice. The Government is prompt and scrupulous in protecting private rights and feelings but is slow to enforce its powers in defence of itself or in the suppression of seditious movements. The theory is that if attacks are to be made on the Government or on the European community it is better that they should be made openly when they can be known and repelled before they become serious, than be made in secret when conspiracy may gain force and become dangerous before it can be unveiled. It is an admirable theory, but like many admirable theories depends for its excellence on the conditions to which it is applied. The principle may work in the case of a democratic Government controlled by representatives elected from its own community. It is bound not to work in the case of an autocratic Government controlled by an alien race. To apply it unreservedly to India is to ignore the conditions under which the conceptions and the habits of the people have grown up.

In historic time the overlordship of India has always been in foreign hands. The sceptre was not wrested by us from indigenous rulers. In Upper Burma perhaps alone did we succeed to an important homogeneous State ruled by a national dynasty. Naturally the Asiatic rulers of India, themselves of foreign stock, have ever been prompt to resent criticism and suppress any manifestations of discontent to the full extent of their repressive power. Naturally also tolerance of such practices has ever been associated in the minds of the people with weakness and has been an encouragement to open rebellion. On these lines the mind of India—the real India outside the influence of patent leather—still proceeds. When excitable mobs and fanatical crowds become accustomed to hear the rulers of the country denounced and are exhorted to rise and eject them, while their officials look on and do nothing, they necessarily infer that the Government has become impotent and is unable to protect itself or maintain order. The next step—and it is a short one—is to give effect to this belief.

These are elementary principles, but our present rulers in Calcutta and Westminster have been slow to realise what they involve. They have argued, and worse have acted, as if the same latitude could be allowed to Hindu sedition-mongers in Lahore as to professional demagogues from Tyneside or philosophical renegades from Nottingham. No Government that ever was in Asia could permit itself to be openly assailed at public meetings and in the public press without inviting an outbreak and placing the lives of the ruling race in danger. Freedom of speech in India must be nursed and guarded, not left to itself as if it were a sturdy plant of indigenous growth. But the most obvious precautions have been omitted.



It cannot be said that the authorities have been without warning. Sir B. Fuller warned them, and, to use his own phrase, he lost his life in the attempt. Last Christmas the President of the Indian Congress solemnly demanded that the entire administration of the country in every department, including finance and the army and navy, should be handed over to the natives of India. As a step to this he proposed that emissaries should be sent to every nook and corner of India to inform the people of their British rights—a pregnant phrase. It is impossible not to connect what has happened with this deliberate propaganda. In the press at home and in India the consequences of such a crusade were foreshadowed, but the responsible Governments at both ends decided to wait on events. They have not had long to wait. Now when the inevitable has happened the measures taken are forcible in proportion as they are belated. We wish to give Mr. Morley every credit for the firm attitude he has taken even at this late hour. But it is difficult to find any defence for a policy which allows sedition to run riot till the danger becomes serious, and the measures of repression it has become necessary to take are only less objectionable than the dangers they are designed to avert. This is not statesmanship.

The causes of the present disturbances are clear enough. There is no occasion to seek their origin, as certain theorists do, by treating them as a legacy of the late Viceroy. Lord Curzon no doubt made mistakes. A generous but ill-directed feeling of indignation at miscarriages of justice led him to adopt an attitude in certain cases when natives suffered violence at the hands of Europeans, which tended to excite and did exacerbate class feeling. On the other hand, he showed both his impartiality and his indiscretion by an ill-judged censure of the Bengali character. His unhappy controversy with Lord Kitchener, and its still more unhappy publicity, weakened the prestige of Government by the disclosure of dissensions among its leaders. But allowing for all this and more besides it is unjust to father the faults of its successor on a Vice-regency of conspicuously strenuous and successful effort. Lord Curzon's position is unshaken. His reputation is secure.

It is easy to exaggerate the significance of the present disturbances. A prudent person will reserve his judgment till further information is forthcoming and the extent of the troubles is more clearly defined and the accuracy of the telegraphed reports is verified by better authority. Disaffection, for instance, at a place like Lyallpur, which should be a centre of all that is loyal, would no doubt be disquieting. But we must be sure it really exists. So far as the present reports show there is not enough ground for believing that disaffection exists in any important section of the native community or has reached a point where a steady application of its powers by Government will not restore confidence to the quiet and respectable population who are threatened by the bad characters of the bazaars incited by designing disloyalists from Bengal and Bombay. There is sense and judgment in the view of the leading European newspaper that though past neglect has now made strong measures necessary yet the present situation is neither serious nor critical if wisely treated. It is not enough to meet disturbances when they occur. A policy of prevention is necessary and its application should be co-extensive with the danger. This has not been yet recognised in action. How far an opportunist and irresolute Government in India has played with the situation or a composite Government at home, compelled to reconcile various warring elements among its supporters, has hampered the firm purpose of its Indian Minister, it is impossible for anyone not in their secrets to say. So much however is clear. The Viceroy and his Council still seem disposed to adhere to a policy of violent repression when dangers become acute rather than adopt measures of prevention before the danger point has been reached. Why else have the ordinances and what Mr. Morley euphemistically calls the "deportations" been confined to the Panjab and Eastern Bengal? Madras may not present acute possibilities, but Bengal and the Deccan are nurseries of disaffection. The worst centres in India of seditious organisation are in Calcutta and Poona. They have not yet been brought

by the Indian Government within the sphere of its repressive activity. The self-proclaimed leaders of the seditious organisations in these places are still left at liberty to carry on their mischievous work. There is yet another centre of trouble which should receive public attention. Its address is Westminster. Among its prominent supporters is the melancholy group of failures and faddists who misrepresent the Indian people and the Indian services on the Government benches of the present Parliament.

#### AT THE END OF THE CONFERENCE.

THE Imperial Conference closed its doors in chilling formalities. On the same day the House of Commons accepted Mr. Asquith's Budget proposals, and we see now to what Ministers have brought us as a nation and as an Empire. The statesmen of the younger kingdoms have been sent away with the ignominious message "We can give you nothing", as though they were cringing Lazaruses waiting for the rich man's crumbs, and not self-respecting nations asking nothing for which they are not prepared to return a fair and full equivalent. This is one phase of our Imperial statesmanship. Another is presented in the Budget of 1907, whereby the people of the United Kingdom are tied as tightly as Ministers can tie them to a fiscal system which sterilises our industrial and national life and paralyses our highest Imperial ideals. Consolation there happily is in the fact that the best forces of Unionism now stand together for a progressive constructive policy. When Mr. Balfour is seen throwing the full weight of his speech and influence in support of a fiscal amendment moved by Mr. Austen Chamberlain Unionists may well be content.

It is no disparagement to the speeches of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Bonar Law to say that Mr. Asquith has himself provided the best proof that fiscal reform must come and come soon. From every section of the Ministerial party come proposals for increased expenditure. Mr. Burns admits that old age pensions, to which the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer have so glibly committed themselves and the Ministry, must when fully in operation cost from 23 to 29 millions sterling, and he can see little relief from lessened Poor Law expenditure. The payment of election expenses, the feeding of school children, and the establishment of small holdings by the intervention of the State are a few only of the many expedients by which we are to reach the new millennium, and for each and all of them large additional revenues are required. Mr. Asquith and at least one-half of the Cabinet know that to make further material reductions in naval and military expenditure is to commit political suicide, and the Hague Conference promises no escape. The increased demands of education are inexorable and the commitments of the Ministry in respect of the debt services call for an increase and not a decrease of the annual vote under that head for many years to come. The old unfailing reservoir of national income, the taxation of beer, wines and spirits, is at its full yielding capacity. Any further taxation will diminish rather than increase the resultant revenue, while the changed social habits of the people must in any case involve lessened consumption. Similarly the tobacco tax has reached the limit of revenue productiveness. The tea duty no Chancellor of the Exchequer dare raise—a wise Chancellor would lose no time in reducing its heavy burden upon the industrial classes; and certainly no "free trade" Chancellor of the Exchequer will contemplate increasing the burden on consumer and manufacturer alike, which the sugar tax involves. Turning from indirect to direct taxation we realise the hopeless inelasticity and inequity of the present fiscal system. The "Standard" published the other day an authoritative analysis of Mr. Asquith's new proposals, and proved that the new income tax and estate duties together accentuate inequalities which were already glaring enough; and by a fine piece of irony it is under the financial administration of a Radical Government that the heaviest burden of taxation is made to fall upon the small income. The widow

inheriting enough to keep herself in reasonable comfort and to educate and set out her family in the world is made to pay to the State three times as much as the bank clerk without encumbrances who earns the same amount. There might be something to be said from Mr. Asquith's standpoint for a system which made the largest differentiation against large unearned incomes: a system which especially penalises the small unearned income is neither logical nor just. Again by what canon of reason or justice are pensions to be dragged into the unearned category? The whole scheme is artificial and iniquitous. Mr. Asquith sees that the ordinary irreducible expenditure of the country is increasing more rapidly than the population and he meets the difficulty by making the already inelastic revenue still more inelastic, and the already unjust incidence of taxation still more unjust. Also in the cause of so-called freedom of trade he rejects the new sources of revenue by which alone he can hope to redeem the easy promises of expensive social reforms into which he and his colleagues have been led.

There is but one way out of the embarrassments from which a plethora of dead millionaires has for this one year enabled Mr. Asquith to escape. Expedients such as the taxation of site values, where they are not simple spoliation, elude the national treasurer as he gets at close quarters with them, and he is driven back to that broadening of the basis of taxation for which Mr. Balfour pleaded in the House of Commons on Tuesday. No one pretends to be satisfied with an inquisitorial income tax of 1s. in the pound and taxes of 30, 70, and from 600 to 700 per cent. respectively on such necessary articles of general consumption as sugar, tea and tobacco. We must, in Mr. Balfour's phrase, draw not more people but more articles into the net of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for taxation. To that we must and shall be driven by our own urgent national needs. We shall also be driven to it by the unerring instinct of our race throughout the world towards a working partnership. Mr. Asquith tells us that he knows of "no fresh offer from the colonies". He and his colleagues have spent their best platform energies for three years past in denying the existence of any offer at all; but after the reiterated preference resolutions of the Conference and the proposals of concession for concession again and again repeated by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Deakin, and every one of the colonial statesmen, Mr. Asquith is trifling with his reputation and our intelligence in trying to keep up the farce. He knows—no one knows better—that it has for ten years past been open to us to secure further advantage for our manufactures in colonial markets and make a clear and distinct step towards free trade within the Empire, and he would not now be contemplating schemes of Colonial steamship subsidies did he not fear the national indignation if nothing is done to meet colonial advances towards unity. Mr. Lloyd-George leaves all Cobdenite orthodoxy behind him when he assures us that "His Majesty's Government heartily concur that the Empire would be a great gainer if much that is now bought from foreign countries could be produced and purchased within the Empire". You might do something towards this great end if you could by State intervention cheapen freights to the colonies in competition with Germany and the United States and increase and cheapen the means of cable communications. But it is little indeed that you can do by a dole to one line of fast passenger steamers here and another line there. A few transatlantic millionaires may be diverted into Canadian routes of travel, and the exodus of some of our best blood and muscle may be further encouraged, even though in the process you imperil the financial stability of independent steamship undertakings that have no taxpayers' bonus to fall back upon, and also affront the most cherished principles of Cobdenism. But it is not by such means that the problem of Empire is to be solved. It can and will only be solved when in place of "immutable laws", which are ignored by every reputable foreign Power and by every nation of our own race outside these little islands, we get to ourselves a high faith in our destiny and a common-sense adaptation of our policy to the ends we have in view.

#### SLAV POLITICS IN AUSTRIA.

NOT until the second ballots have been decided on 23 May will it be possible definitely to fix the constitution of Austria's first Parliament under free, equal, secret and universal suffrage. They who were in a position to estimate the chances of the general election anticipated many surprises. Uncertain elements rendered forecast difficult. That Social Democracy would score a great triumph was expected, but the extent to which parties hitherto among the predominant factors in Austrian politics have suffered was not foreseen. Nationalism has not been effaced, but the first election under the new constitution, which is a measure of compromise between the various nationalities, has reduced Pan-German and Young Czech to impotence. In drawing up the constitution every care was taken to secure to each nationality its fair share in proportion to population and wealth. The old kingdom of Bohemia has been so split up that the German and Austrian frontier constituencies are German whilst the centre is Czech. In Moravia, where the populations are far more mixed, separate registers have been prepared for German and Czech. In Poland there is no question of Pole against German but of Ruthenian against Pole and Roumanian. In West Poland the population is almost exclusively Polish and no difficulty arose, but in East Poland there was a fear that the Poles, who are in a minority, would not be fairly represented. Special provision was therefore made, giving one vote to each elector in two-member constituencies, so that the minority have the chance of securing a seat where the predominant nationality does not stand in the ratio of more than two to one.

In the late Parliament the Young Czech party under its great leader, Dr. Karel Kramář—who has to face a second ballot—was supreme. Dr. Kramář was known throughout Europe as the champion of the Slav idea. He appealed to the upper middle class of Czech Bohemia, his personality was dear to every supporter of the Slav principle. It is true that German Bohemia would have nothing to say to him; but the Young Czechs were a solid and an united party of forty-four members as against nineteen representatives of the large Conservative proprietors elected under a restricted suffrage, eight independent and six Agrarian Czechs. The Young Czechs went to the polls conscious that they were seriously menaced by Agrarians, Clericals and Radical Czechs. They were able to drive the Old Czechs out of Parliament some fifteen years ago; but they had become so alive to the dangers of their position that they entered into an agreement with their old rivals to support them in some constituencies on the understanding that there should be reciprocity in all the others.

The Young Czechs dreaded most the antagonism of the Agrarians, who contend that whilst everything has been done for Bohemia their own interests have been left out of consideration. Nothing really practical has been done for agriculture, and the Agrarians were determined to make their influence felt. In reality there was less ill-feeling between Young Czech and Agrarian than between them and the other two parties. Against the Clericals the Young Czechs were very bitter. They resented Clerical intervention, and dreaded a development in Bohemia akin to that of Christian Socialism. The Clericals argued that they were only acting upon the defensive. They had no wish to reopen the education question, but were not satisfied with the school teachers, and doubted whether two hours' catechism a week by the parish priest was sufficient to secure the religious atmosphere of the schools of a Catholic people. Some of the Young Czechs however raised other issues independently of Dr. Karel Kramář and of the official leaders of the party. The amendment of the marriage laws, allowing men of all creeds to divorce their wives and to have their re-marriage officially recognised, has been advocated by Professor Mazarek and others and this roused the religious feeling of priest and peasant alike. The women who believe that when old age has come upon them they will have to make way for younger and fairer substitutes were especially irate, and Young Czech candidates had to face stormy meetings, which led to retaliation and threats of an anti-



clerical campaign equal in violence to that of the French Government. The Radical Czechs complained that Dr. Kramár sacrificed the interest of the Czechs by too free a recognition of German claims in Bohemia. He ought to have coupled constitutional reform and the recognition of the extreme national rights of the Czech with the adoption of universal suffrage. He replied that the issue was a momentous one, that he believed that the grant of universal suffrage was an inestimable boon and that he did not venture to ask for too much for fear of losing all.

In German Bohemia the same divisions of parties prevailed. Not only were there Agrarians and Clericals but Liberal Progressives, the German People's party, Pan-Germans and Free Pan-Germans. All were agreed on advocating the subdivision of Bohemia into separate administrative curias—German and Czech—each dealing with its own respective nationality. As there were German and Czech associations for merchants and doctors, so they proposed that the German and the Czech should be governed by men of their own nationality so far as possible. The Czechs refused to listen to any proposal which might endanger their national unity. The great fight in several of the fifty-five German Bohemian constituencies has been between the German Liberal and the Pan-German. Austrians who object to incorporation with the German Empire naturally resent Pan-Germanism. Herr von Schönerer's intolerance drove many of his supporters into the ranks of the Free Pan-German party, which under the leadership of Herr Pacher and Herr Wolff profess to wish for a Customs Union only. Both however have identified themselves with the "Los von Rom" movement. No one can accuse the Austrian Liberal of being a Clerical; indeed he boasts of his indifference to religious formulæ of any kind; but he is a gentleman. To him the methods of the Pan-Germans are bad form and he refuses to drag religion into the political arena. He also realises that no party have done more by the violence of their methods to encourage Catholic religious reaction in Austria than the supporters of the "Los von Rom" movement.

After what has happened in other portions of the Empire it would be more than usually rash to attempt to predict the course of events in Galicia, where the poll was taken yesterday. One thing is regarded as certain, the Ruthenians are bound to come to the front. In the old days they were the most loyal and devoted subjects of the Crown, for they remembered the day when Mary Teresa and Joseph II. abolished serfdom in Galicia and limited the power of the nobles to act as magistrates free from outside control. This feeling existed until within the last few years when they thought the Emperor leant too much upon the Polish noble in Galicia, and a strong democratic movement has grown up amongst them which will no doubt make its influence felt here as elsewhere in the Empire.

#### RAILWAY DIRECTORS AND TRADE UNIONS.

SINCE November last year it has been known that trouble was preparing between the workmen on railways and the railway companies. Over five hundred delegates of the societies forming the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants then met at Birmingham to discuss the conditions of labour on the railways. They drew up a programme of the reforms they desired, and Mr. Bell M.P., the secretary of the society, was instructed to lay it before the directors of the various railway companies. This he did in January last, and unfortunately it appears that as yet no satisfactory arrangement has been come to between the parties. A very large meeting of railway servants, held in London last Sunday, and similar meetings in other large towns, have brought the matter once more to the attention of the public. A hitch has occurred in the negotiations, and these meetings were assembled to show that the railway servants intend to insist on the demands of the Birmingham Conference and support the society. At present there is not a crisis in the sense that a strike is imminent; but there is a situation which may develop to that result. If it does, the strike will be one of the

most serious ever known. It would be disastrous in its effect on the general trade of the country, on the workmen and on the railway companies; and already in anticipation railway securities have been affected.

The Birmingham Conference put forward a number of proposals relating to the hours of labour and rates of pay; but there has not yet been satisfactory discussion of them between the men and the companies. We do not know whether there is any probability that on these matters an amicable arrangement might be come to which would satisfy both parties without the conflict of a strike. If a strike broke out over these terms the public would not be competent to form an opinion on the merits. Beyond a pious wish that railwaymen should be well paid and not worked too long hours the public could hardly go. It has indeed a very important interest in these conditions being realised because its safety depends very considerably on them; but that does not go very far in qualifying for a decision on such extremely technical matters. But in fact these are not the subjects which are in immediate controversy. The negotiations are hindered at the first step owing to the preliminary condition of the Birmingham Conference that the Amalgamated Society shall be recognised by the companies; that the terms of the men shall be placed before the companies, and all negotiations conducted by the general secretary and executive of the union. By far the larger number of the companies—a hundred and twenty-one—have refused to accept this preliminary condition. They will not discuss anything with the union as a general representative body. If their men have grievances the only method of representation they recognise is that by the heads of the various departments. They ignore the union, and if the men support it there will be a strike on a very old and belated issue which we thought since Lord Penrhyn's day had been abandoned. We do not think public sympathy will be with the railway companies if they force a fight upon it. In most of the great industries, cotton, coal, iron, strikes are being constantly averted by negotiations between firms or companies and the secretary or other executive officers of unions. Some railway companies, too, negotiate regularly with the officials of the union; one of these being the London United Railways Company. It might have been excusable one time to maintain that the intervention of the union was an impertinent and hostile intrusion between employer and workmen, the object being to stir up strife and with malicious motive to engineer strikes. As to the impertinence, why should a railway company be more sensitive than a cotton spinner or an iron or coal master? Public sympathy with Lord Penrhyn was not effusive, but it would have been positively hostile if his sensitiveness had disorganised the whole trade of the country, as the sensitiveness of the railway companies will do if they and the men fight on this ground. As to the motives and influence of the union leaders in managing matters on behalf of the men, there is no better guarantee against foolish and unreasonable strikes than a labour dispute being in the hands of the leaders of a great union. On this point let us recall a passage in Mr. Balfour's fine speech made last April on the Trades Disputes Bill: "I should hardly think", he said, "there is an individual here who has been brought face to face with the actual facts of our present social life who does not recognise to the full all that trade unions have done, the gap which they fill in the social organisation, and the impossibility of carrying on organised labour except by an institution framed on this model. I go further, and I associate myself entirely with what fell from the Solicitor-General. I say that undoubtedly trade disputes in this country have been carried on with a wisdom and moderation on both sides which cannot be paralleled in any other industrial community. . . . Surely it must be admitted that these admirable results are in no small degree due to the statesmanship, the moderation and the wisdom which have, on the whole, guided the leaders of the trade unions in dealing with the difficult problems which must from time to time arise in an industrial society like ours."

These views have largely displaced old suspicions as to trade unions. If the public have come round to

them, and we believe they have, will they not ask why "the statesmanship, the moderation and the wisdom" of the trade unions should not be called in to assist in settling a dispute which will bring so many evils if it has to be settled by means of a strike? Disputes of this kind, on so large a scale, are not like quarrels between a small employer and a handful of men. The amour propre of an employer in such a case may be tolerated; but the directors of our great railway companies are in a different position. Disputes which may paralyse the railways are of national concern, and it is in the national interest that they shall be avoided if possible by bringing to bear on them the best skill and knowledge and advocacy available. These are at the disposal of the unions; it is in order to possess these advantages that the men form the unions. It cannot be said that the advocacy of the head of a department is at all an equivalent for the advocacy of the skilled officials. This may do for individual cases, but here the general railway service is involved. The directors are not in the position of an ordinary employer who may say: "This is my business; nobody has anything to do with it but myself, and I won't have any interference." The public have a very considerable interest in the relations of the companies and their employees being on a sound footing in regard to wages and hours of labour. The public safety and comfort depend on this. Badly paid men and overworked men are dangerous; and there is a good deal of suspicion that railway accidents are frequently due to the inefficiency of underpaid and the weariness of overworked railway servants. When statistics of long hours of labour are referred to in Parliament they are not denied but excused, and we are informed that the Board of Trade will see what can be done in the matter; and this means that very little is done. How can matters of this kind be brought forward and discussed with any satisfactory result through the head of a department, the paid servant of a company? If, however, the public knew that the officials of the railway union were in communication with the directors and that a working arrangement had been made, this fact would be the very best safeguard the public could have that their interests too had been considered. Very little weight should be given to the argument that the union does not represent all railway workers. There are eighty thousand members of the union, and they are a good proportion of the men with whose work the public are most concerned. They influence more than themselves; and they have at any rate the power, if they are dissatisfied, of throwing things into confusion. Ignoring their union will not prevent this; and it seems simple common-sense that their views should be expressed by the persons in whom they have confidence or they will feel their complaints are not fairly considered. The directors are preventing full discussion on the merits; and it is this the public care about. By the course the directors have taken they are being treated as if they had no more concern with the working of the railways than with the business of a retail dealer. The refusal of the directors to treat with the men rests on a belated, even obsolete, principle; and they need not be surprised if they are told that they are no more up to date in this matter than they are in many other affairs that are under their management.

#### THE CITY.

THE Board of Trade Blue-book just published shows an astonishing expansion of British overseas trade between 1902 and 1906. The exports are nearly doubled, while the imports have increased in a still greater ratio. That trade is still increasing is proved by the monthly figures for 1907 already published. If the figures could be taken as representing the actual position, nothing could illustrate more strikingly that the Stock Exchange is no longer, as it once was, the barometer of national prosperity, for business is worse than ever in Throgmorton Street. The truth is that for the last four or five years the so-called "business" on the Stock Exchange has been almost entirely speculation on open account. Gambling in American rails and mining shares has kept nine-tenths of the brokers

and jobbers going; and now that the last six months have cleaned out the speculators, "Othello's occupation's gone". We are not surprised to learn that seventy members of the Stock Exchange have resigned their membership, and more will follow. For it will take a long time for a new generation of speculators to come along and a new market to be created. The public have been "had" so badly and so often in Rhodesians, Kaffirs, Siberians, West Africans, and Australian Deep Leads that the fly will no longer walk into the parlour of the particular species of spider which is known as the mining magnate. A feverish attempt is being made by certain Americans and Canadians to make a market in "Cobalts", hitherto, we are glad to say, without success. We hope that none of our readers will be so foolish as to speculate in these shares without taking the trouble to ascertain who are the people pushing the shares, and getting an honest opinion on the mining prospects of this new region. Let them remember the West African boom.

Nor is it only in mining promotions that the public have been rifled of their savings. Some great American financiers, of unquestioned wealth and standing, undertook to teach the benighted Britisher, some four or five years ago, the A B C of American finance. The late Mr. Yerkes came over to combine and electrify the pottering old-fashioned underground railways of London, and the famous New York house of Speyers stood financial sponsors to the scheme. Indeed the chief partner of the latter house was made Sir Edgar Speyer, and appointed to sit on commissions or committees to inquire into the working of the Joint Stock Companies Acts. The new American knight took himself so seriously that he began to lecture directors of companies on their duties. Where is the Underground Electric Railways Syndicate now? What has become of the profit-sharing notes or bills? There are no profits but only losses to share. Where are the shares or stock in this company? We understand that the stock of this Speyer Syndicate is unsaleable at 80 per cent. discount. Then there was Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who started in to show us the noble art of forming combines or trusts. There was the Scotch Collieries Combine, and there was the International Mercantile Marine Company. The Collieries Combine was—well, not exactly a success. In the Steamer Combine the most absurd prices were paid for steamship shares, and though we believe the International Mercantile Marine is doing better than it was, its success has yet to come. Altogether the appearance of Yankee financiers on the London stage has not been "un succès fou". Everybody is now saying in the City that what is wanted is a leader. And looking round the City it is a most extraordinary fact that there is not a single financial house, with the possible exception of Messrs. Schroeder, that could be relied on to make a successful issue. Even the Messrs. Hambro were obliged to abandon an issue the other day owing to the lack of support. The truth is that all the big houses, the Barings, the Morgans, the Speyers, the Rothschilds, have made so many mistakes of late years that the City is no longer ready to follow their lead as in the old days. So there is chaos and depression and an utter lack of dash in Lombard Street and Throgmorton Street, because the sheep are vainly bleating for a bell-wether.

A great deal of the pessimism is patently absurd; as for instance the fall in Home Rails. When an ordinary stock like Lancashire and Yorkshire, which paid a dividend at the rate of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  last February, stands below par, or 99-100, investors must have lost for the moment their power of reasoning. We grant that the present attitude of the railway directors towards Mr. Bell and the Railway Servants' Union is most inept, for employers in all trades have had to recognise and to deal with the men's unions, and there is no reason why railway boards should be in a different position from other employers. But this difficulty has been absurdly exaggerated, and will pass, while the traffics of the Lancashire and Yorkshire will remain and probably increase.



## PREMIUM BONDS AND INSURANCE.

IT may seem entirely inappropriate to refer to the subject of Premium Bonds under the heading of Insurance, since they are diametrically opposed to insurance in every respect. People who have these premium bonds for sale frequently advertise them in such a way as to lead the ignorant to suppose that they are a superior form of insurance. Such advertisements are misleading, and it is therefore advisable to point out the vital distinctions between premium bonds and insurance.

Most people are familiar with the foreign lotteries which the Post Office assists by distributing circulars about them. These lotteries are usually arranged in a series of drawings, the prizes in the first series being small, and gradually increasing in value until perhaps quite a large one is given to the winner of the last of the series of drawings. People can buy tickets which are only available for the first, or the first few, drawings; but if they wish to have a chance of drawing the big prize they have to buy tickets for the whole series. Many people naturally drop out on finding that no prize falls to their share during the early drawings. We have occasionally worked out the value of the tickets in these drawings. For the first drawing a man pays £1 for a chance which is usually worth about 2s., and if he enters for the whole series of drawings he pays £1 for what is generally worth about 11s.

Presumably people were gradually becoming aware of the folly of buying lottery tickets on such a basis as this, so a fresh method was invented. Premium bonds were introduced, and purchasers are promised the return of their capital. A man pays £100, for instance, for a bond, and the return of this £100 is promised. Under some bonds he is promised interest at a low rate, say 2½ per cent. per annum, and the balance of the interest, which he might expect to be considerable when the nature of the "security" is taken into account, is employed to buy a ticket in a lottery: these documents are dignified by the title of "Interest-bearing bonds".

There are other bonds under which interest is not even promised, though the return of the capital is. These bonds employ the whole of the interest in the purchase of lottery tickets. We say nothing about the security for the return of the capital or for the payment of interest when it is promised, and nothing as to the relative values of the cost of the lottery tickets and the prizes in the lottery. People sensible enough to inquire about security would avoid the system: people foolish enough to adopt the system would not be sufficiently sensible either to inquire about security or to know whether or not there was any security. It suffices for them to read cleverly worded advertisements and believe, without hesitation, the statements and suggestions of the "Bluebook" issued gratis by the vendors of these wares. For all we know some of the bonds may yield the results promised, and some may not. It is only necessary to realise that premium bonds are an absurdity from an investment point of view and a foolish form of gambling.

From these remarks it will be seen that the system of premium bonds is the exact opposite of the system of insurance. The former is essentially a method of substituting uncertainty in place of certainty, and insurance is fundamentally a method of securing certainty instead of uncertainty. The happening of a fire or an accident or the time of death is uncertain, and so far as financial consequences are concerned an insurance policy converts the uncertainty into certainty. The payments made for these bonds are of an utterly different nature from premiums paid for insurance. The prizes offered in the lottery have nothing in common with the bonuses on life policies. To talk of bonds as policies is a misuse of words, and to suggest that promises made in the bonds in any way resemble insurance is—to put it mildly—lacking in accuracy of expression. Insurance is about the safest and wisest and best financial system that exists. The modified lottery tickets called Premium Bonds are the opposite of all this, and a protest should be made against the use of insurance language for the purpose of encouraging people to gamble.

## THE IRISH PROBLEM.

[By the Author of "Economics for Irishmen."]

## II.—HUNTED INTO FAME.

THERE was no house, except for the tribe, and, unable to live at an hotel, I put up a tent, with a big lamp, which looked through the canvas like a cone of fire across the lonely hills in the night, causing quaint speculations as to my purpose, among others the idea that I could raise the devil, and cause storms; but my power over the winds was discredited when my own tent was blown away, and my wicked books ruined in the midnight rain. Twice I was wrecked, but that was nothing to the storms in store for me.

So numerous and so incapable, we depended wholly on my journalism, and my journalism depended on things happening worth money in print, which were very rare; therefore, I decided to make things happen. The life around was rich in dumb tragedies; what if I could make these articulate? Wherever there were men and women, there ought to be "copy", if but in the organised silence that made thought and expression a privileged monopoly. If there was no public opinion to be expressed, the absence of it called for criticism. I established a sort of new industry in the neighbourhood, namely, telling the truth, in which I had little or no competition, and by which I very soon made many things quite stirringly articulate. I found my neighbours spending about three times as much per acre on drink as on rent, led by the publicans and the priests to make the rent less, that the drink might be more. I went to Mass regularly, listened to political speeches delivered for "sermons", and heard one reverend gentleman threatening the people from the altar to get money from them—"If I find anyone that does not pay, I'll take care to see that he is exposed; if I find anyone that does not pay more than a shilling, I'll have his name sounded all over the parish." What better "copy"? After hearing that, I came home and read the Sermon on the Mount. To save the Church of my fathers from such great scandal I became a kind of amateur archbishop, uttering periodical pastorals to the faithful, recalling them to the faith—and making the price of a nice cow out of each pastoral for myself and the tribe.

Instead of putting up a memorial window to me in the church, as he ought to have done, our parish priest called a "back station" on us, which meant that, without even consulting us, he had invited the public to be confessed and entertained at our expense. "Stations" were an ancient custom, and I should not have opposed an ancient custom; but the "back station" was one "to the good", out of our turn, and meant that we were "black sheep", guilty of some mysterious crime that must be purified peremptorily. The crime had not been mentioned; it might even be unmentionable, and, in the public mind, it attached to myself personally. Many and ingenious were the theories of "the blow" that had fallen, but the more thoughtful said it was because his reverence did not like my literary style. I was quite prepared to submit myself to judgment, even for doing good, if guilty of it, but how could I see my guilt unless I knew my crime? Some said a new crime had to be invented to meet my peculiar case, on the ground that my guilt must be established to "keep me down" with the rest of the parishioners; but there was no doctrine in the faith, and no canon in the law, that could impose punishment on me without my knowing why. What was my crime? The priest declined to tell me, and I declined to be punished. I told him that there would be no "back station" on any terms, but that if he cared to cancel his insult with an apology as public as the proclamation I should be pleased to invite him for a special station, to make us all as good as possible, at our convenience, when I had repaired the poor old house, then hardly habitable. Next Sunday he announced that our "back station" was "postponed", and then I told him there would be no station, "back or front", until I pleased. The day came, but no priest; the people lined the fences to see me grow horns, but my horns never grew, and so I missed being the most interesting journalist in the world.

Perhaps the poor priest imagined he was doing right, for it is not easy to keep the mind alive in a place like that, and I was an awkward kind of man to have in the parish, so accustomed to think, and so difficult to kill. The spectacle of two men claiming the right to think in one parish was intolerable. Before me, there had been only one, and he had apparently forgotten how to think. Where one man makes thought impossible to his community, he thereby makes thought unnecessary to himself. What need for thought where no one thinks? Dictation taking the place of reflection, character and conduct become mimetic, faculty atrophic, and life sinks below its means, making men marvel at the normal. Then it is so much easier to denounce than to understand; at least, I desire no less charitable interpretation of my friend and his "back station".

Now I was guilty of "an insult to the clergy" in not permitting them to insult me, which boded my quick ruin, and the means were at hand to realise the prophecy—it is so easy to prophesy where the prophet has the means to bring about his own predictions. The local branches of the League, under the direction of the priests, called on the public to boycott me, though I had done absolutely nothing against any rule of the League, but had rather asked its leaders to give up land-grabbing; neither had I done anything whatever against the religion, but rather asked the priests to be decent Catholics, and to behave like Christians. The League had really no quarrel with me, but it was the priest's instrument, and I had refused to accept his punishments without trial. The people were ordered not to speak to me. They were ordered to burn my writings. Local newsagents were ordered not to sell any paper publishing me. Every community has its thieves, and our thieves were let loose on me. Had not the priests desired my destruction, and why should not the thieves have their share of the spoil, especially when they could appeal to "holy religion" and "the Lord's anointed" to justify the theft? The priests had ordered the boycott, and what could be better boycotting than robbery? The Catechism condemned theft, but it said nothing about theft as a necessary part of a boycott ordered by the priest to destroy a wicked intruder. My letters were regularly opened in the post, and the mighty British Empire, on which the sun never sets, was quite incapable to keep its penny contract with me. I began to develop a most interesting "reputation". The number of my deserted wives in British and continental cities multiplied exceedingly. The numbers of my irregular offspring in various countries were sent to editors for whom I worked, with details so much uglier that I cannot write them here.

There was no lack of "copy" now, but there was lack of peace, and for the first time I realised fully what the critics meant by "objectivity of mind". I had created subject-matter, but too near as yet to see its perspective for the profit, and I felt as if a crimeless culprit trying to describe his own execution for food to leave his children. "He's about finished now", said the local leader, who prospered on drunkenness under the clerical smile.

Time, Truth's old friend, led me gently from the fury I had raised, so that I could look back to see it whole and calmly, listening the while to the round-robin resolutions that called me "foul", with priests presiding over the conscious falsehood to make religion the instrument of slander; and in this better view of the position I turned the resolutions also into "copy", at five pounds apiece, saying to the leader as I showed him the cheques, "Keep up the resolutions, and I am a rich man". There were no more resolutions, and some declared that I could not only raise the devil, but that I was the devil himself. The ghost walked again, and the turnips grew, but I was still too near the fun to see it fully.

Having passed the parish priests through my hands in this way, I moved on among the bishops, rendering them most valuable assistance to make Catholics of the clergy; and then, in a lucid interval that I could never quite understand, Providence made me editor of a Catholic paper for peasants, in which capacity I wrote so true to Christian doctrine that the priests were greatly alarmed, especially when I quoted the Pope to them on their own duty and the liberty of the individual.

The local bishop was so kind as to cause a whole issue of my paper to be burnt, for preaching Catholic liberty, but he did not burn any of the staff, and then the circulation ran up so remarkably that I passed on among the cardinals, helping them to look after the bishops. Had not the Pope himself told me in an encyclical that it was my duty as a layman "to concern myself with the interests of God and souls", and was it not obviously in "the interests of God and souls" to make good Catholics of the bishops, that they might attend to religion, and leave purely secular matters to secular men? As if recognising the greatness of my mission, the cardinal relieved me of my editorship, and set me free to write "Economics for Irishmen", which has already done so much towards the spiritual discipline of the clergy; and when the book came out he advertised it free for me by abolishing the paper, as if determined to make my income worthy of my great work.

I fear our hunting season is now nearly over, and I look back with special gratitude to that P.P., with his "back station", who first established my fame as a quarry, and led me to see the money value of my running powers. When it was found that he could not catch me, the sport began to "draw", and I took care to get the whole of the gate-money, with the publishers and editors as my gate-keepers. Until my time, our hunted ones had all run very foolishly, in direct lines, which made a gate impossible, and set them towards the sea, never to return; but when I found the bishop on my trail I felt so confident that I ran in a circle, keeping only a small distance before him, so that he could not make short-cuts, which added much to the excitement—and to the gate. Then the cardinal came on the track. I "broke" in the most orthodox manner, and round we ran. It was only a short sprint, but very profitable. I like this new game, for the higher the stakes the easier the play.

Now I have passed them all through my hands, except the Pope, but he will not play, and I know he has need for a deputy in these islands to help him look after the cardinals. I ought to add here that there is nothing whatever in Catholic doctrine binding a cardinal, a bishop or a priest to hunt me for trying to make good Christians of them in the interests of the Church and the country, and there is nothing to prevent me from describing the hunt, so long as I do it in the proper spirit.

That was how I made things happen, turned them into "copy", financed the farm, and brought out the real facts behind the Irish problem. Each "run" of the season has been worth two or three additional cows to me, and I am more fit to run than ever. I am also becoming more respectable as the numbers of my cows increase, and it is pleasant to be respectable. I must protest, however, against being described as "a man of genius"; in fact, I am almost the only man I know in Ireland who is not a genius. I have merely looked among the facts of life which are so common that men of genius will not look at them. If these facts afford entertainment in themselves, I cannot help it, and their sociological significance is not at all the less serious. In the articles that follow I try to show how much too serious it is to be treated too seriously.

From beginning to end the peasants refused to boycott me, even when called upon by the priests to do it, and I believe it is the only case of the kind in Ireland. The boycotting was done almost wholly by the criminal and publican classes. PAT.

#### FRENCH FINANCE.—I.

(By a Paris Financier.)

THERE is a general uneasiness existing in France, and even those unfamiliar with financial matters begin to understand that the increase of expenditure and of taxation as well as the lack of a sufficient sinking fund may seriously compromise the welfare of the nation. This feeling has been largely accentuated by the recent introduction of M. Caillaux's (Minister of Finance) Income-tax Bill.

It must be remembered that France is the land "par excellence" of small incomes, and wealth is distributed



amongst a large proportion of the middle and working classes. It will be seen from official statistics that the "Rente 3 per cent." (the French Consols) is mainly divided amongst holders for an average capital of 10,000 fr., so that the fluctuation in value of the "Rente" accurately indicates the sentiments of the majority towards the Government. The fluctuations of the last decade show a persistent decline in price; in 1897 the average price was 103.34 fr., whilst at the present time the price is about 94.50 fr. It is a drop of nine points. This shows a loss to holders of 2,322,000,000 fr. in capital, of which at least 1,000,000,000 fr. is applicable to 1906. People seem to be looking for a more remunerative investment coupled with good security which will enable them to avoid fiscal investigation. They are frightened at the numerous measures aiming at their savings.

By a glance at the public finances it may be seen that the national indebtedness has been considerably increased during the thirty-six years of peace which France has enjoyed. The total liability of France's indebtedness to-day amounts, in round figures, to 44 milliards of francs (state, departmental, municipal debts, &c.), so that more than one-fifth of the national wealth of the country (amounting approximately to 200 milliards of francs) would be hypothecated by the public debt. It would be imprudent to increase so heavy a burden.

The expenditure in the 1907 Budget is, however, 500 million francs heavier than ten years previously, and this augmentation is covered by the regular revenues and the increase of taxation to the extent of 330 million francs only, the balance being met by means of extraordinary and temporary resources. Besides, the next Budgets will have to provide for an extra yearly outlay of about 200 millions, occasioned by several new laws (viz., the law for old-age relief, &c.), and the Workmen's Superannuation Bill is much spoken of. Such a prospect makes the taxpayer ponder, especially when he hears such remarks as M. Mougeot (General Reporter) made during the Budget sitting (Chambre des Députés, 15 Novembre, 1906), "Take funds where you find them."

The Baron Louis, Minister of Finance under the reigns of Charles X. and Louis Philippe, used to say that good politics is indispensable to good finance, and, in the present case, politics plays an important part in the financial condition of France. The Government's policy of getting, at any price, the support of socialists, who openly talk of nationalisation of all means of production and division of wealth, does not tend to induce investors to place their money in new ventures. It was thought for a time that a radical socialistic programme was merely an easy theme for electioneering purposes, but the separation of Church and State began to open the eyes of the blind. What will be the next step? Is the Income-tax Bill to be voted? These are questions which are asked with anxiety on every side. It is generally admitted that the principle of a tax proportionate to each citizen's income is theoretically fair, but the application of such a principle would require for the assessment of the tax a great deal of State interference with regard to private business. This interference is far more dreaded than the tax itself; besides, M. Poincaré, when Minister of Finance, pointed out, a few months ago, that a very large increase in the country's revenue is necessary to put an end to recurring deficits; therefore, the new taxes must at least equal the old ones.

The Caillaux Bill indeed gives power to assessors to insist on all proof as to income declared by the people, should the commissioners have any doubt as to the veracity of the citizen. This is a terrible weapon in the hands of the Government: the French ratepayer is already aware of what "Government officialdom" means, and he fully realises that when an official is to have the right and power to ask for the production of a tradesman's books, when private bank accounts will be watched by inspectors of revenue, it will be for him an era of continuous vexatious annoyance, should he not chance to be the political friend of the Government which happens to be then in power. These fears may perhaps be exaggerated, but as the taxes will be assessed by a "committee" whose members will be appointed by the "préfet"—who is, first of all, the

political agent of the Government—it is easy to fancy that this committee will be chosen from the staunch political friends of the Government. It must also be borne in mind that the French "mentalité" is quite different from the British, with whom politics certainly plays a part in life; but Great Britain has not the "suffrage universel", as France has, and after his business the Britisher occupies his time with sports, whilst the Frenchman's only national sport is politics, especially so in the provinces, where it is found that politics in social life is prevalent to a remarkable degree.

The Income-tax Bill, should it ever become law, would offer plenty of opportunities to the assessor for petty revenges, inasmuch as he will be only a temporary officer of the Government. These prospects deter the capitalist, who by nature is shy, from investing his funds in national securities, and he therefore looks abroad for a safe and sound outlet for his money. The exodus of French capital has already begun, and nothing practical has been done to prevent it. Neither the tradesman nor the manufacturer is supported by the Government, who remains helpless before the movement made by the "Confédération du Travail" engaged in engineering a general strike, even amongst the State's civil servants. An official return issued in 1902, which can be only taken as an approximation, states that French capital invested in foreign countries amounts to about 30,000,000,000 fr. This amount would at the present time be considerably increased, as now investors bear always in mind the threat of State control of trade. Government optimism has been alarmed by the drainage of French capital to foreign lands, and last year an international convention was suggested for the purpose of repressing income-tax and death-duty frauds; but if it is to France's advantage to know what becomes of its capital it is certainly not the part of foreign Powers to facilitate a search which would most likely deprive them of the benefit of this incoming money.

It is not by legislative means but by a strict policy of retrenchment that this exodus is to be stopped, and the French statesman must endeavour to place the finances of the Republic on a commercial basis by which confidence will prevail again, so that the crisis may without difficulty be overcome. In fact the solvency of France is now not in question; the situation is still healthy, it is merely a passing cloud, which happens to have a golden lining.

#### DAYS WITH A GREAT ANGLER.

IN these sappy May days with meadows nearly at the prime, and his favourite chalk streams so good to see and hear, one naturally recalls various little scenes in the life of that rare angler Frederick Pigou. Rare, many who knew and angled with Pigou will agree that he was in at once his strength and nicety with rod and line, in experience, in a success which at times was more than surprising—it was mysterious. Yet some of his companions do not remember him chiefly for his skill as angler. Skill corresponding with his has been claimed for several, and no doubt some men do handle rod and line as if it were parcel of themselves, shooting out the trout-fly almost where they will and causing it to sit and sail the water like the natural insect, olive dun or Mayfly. Frederick Pigou, however, was so much more than this. By the river side and, at the close of a day's sport, in the angling inn, he was one of the most engaging companions a man could wish for. His life, though far from an idle life, spent wholly on rod and gun, was full of great experiences of sport in unspoilt places where game is strong and plentiful. There may be no proving it, and yet there is little doubt that between, say, 1870 and 1900 he hooked and landed—fishing with a single fly, large or small according to water, weather and season—more heavy trout than any man of his day. He had fished, one time or another, all the best streams of the South of England and many waters in other parts of the country, but perhaps Kent and Hertfordshire gave him his greatest triumphs. The streams of Hertfordshire are now being sucked dry by water companies; but the head-waters of several of them held, when the angler went thither to

prospect for fish, large and beautiful trout, real natives and wild. I constantly angled with him in two of these chalk or semi-chalk streams in the 'nineties, and even then the smaller water held good trout, running to three pounds in weight. This stream was so narrow that a long-jumper could have leapt it easily at many a spot above the fishing hut. To-day there would be no need to leap—it is a dry bed in summer or at most a puddle of green slime. And the expert witness can swear that pumping and probing for water does not lower the springs of the chalk streams! Sir Herbert Maxwell's delightful "Memories of the Months,"\* just out, touch on various fishing subjects; but not on this ruin of beautiful streams by water companies about London. There are few who understand the whole matter so well as he does; and I believe he discussed it whilst angling once with Frederick Pigou at Hatfield; at any rate it would be a really useful thing for farmers and landowners, and in the end for the water consumer too, if a Commission or Committee were appointed, with Sir Herbert Maxwell as chairman, to thresh out the whole matter. The defiling of pure streams by "human wretches", as Ruskin called them in "The Crown of Wild Olive", is not so serious in the end as sucking them dry; for the defiling can be stopped quickly enough at any time, whereas the other evil once done cannot soon be repaired.

The little white hut, the angler's hut, has gone now from the stream-side underneath the coppice on the hill that is sheeted blue with wild hyacinth in May, there being no further use for it; but there is a photograph of the place taken in 1889, with the great fisher leaning on the rails talking to the old water keeper. He and a friend discovered this stream, or at least its head-waters, which before was unmarked on the angler's map of England, and they got a lease, and put it into order. Putting it into order meant at the start removing the very large trout that ruled in this two miles of water, and stocking with young fish. He never kept an exact account of the angling during the first season here, but, roughly, he believed they hooked and landed a score of trout, many being about four pounds each in weight. It sounds like a wonderful evening's fishing with the sedge at Broadlands, where the finest trout stream in England broadens and deepens into a salmon river. But this little water, a silvery thread through the green, was fat-full of shrimp; and a sister stream—which still flows, if threatened by the same fate—does to-day hold its four-pound trout, indeed trout much heavier even than this. Within the last week I have landed a trout of three pounds and eight ounces in Hampshire, and know that its strength and weight were much below those of some of the Hertfordshire trout which we often pursued together. The railway crosses a certain cressy spot by the larger stream of the two, and returning home from the North the angler saw a circle break the mirror smoothness of the water. This was just by the overhanging bush under which—by drifting a dry fly down stream—he once took with a small dun a trout of six pounds and a quarter. The widening circle was too much for the angler, and he startled his fellow passengers with the loud sudden cry of "He's up!" They stared at him, and exchanged meaning glances with each other. The angler was for the rest of the journey painfully aware that his fellow-passengers took him for a lunatic. It was impossible to explain to three or four alien, unsympathising people that the "he" merely referred to a large trout and that "up" was the word used by dry-fly anglers of a fish fairly on the rise. The story is not unlike another, equally true, about Mrs. Siddons and a haberdasher. She was buying some material to make into a dress, when, gloriously forgetting time and place, she suddenly exclaimed in a fearful voice, "But will it wash?" making the startled shopman, who thought he must be dealing with a dangerous madwoman, drop his wares in a panic.

Baskets of trout weighing twenty pounds, and over twenty pounds, the angler had at various times made at both these waters. There was a basket he once

made at the end of May which held over twenty pounds weight of trout, and not a fish under two pounds, several being nearer four than three pounds. This was at the height of the Mayfly season, about the twenty-eighth of the month—the fly being up sooner in the Hertfordshire than the Hampshire streams. But because Pigou was taking trout thus, it was not certain that other anglers were; a great day with him was sometimes barren for others on the same water. There was nothing stylish about his casting: true, it had that telling little flick or whisk at the end—a thing I could never do and never shall—which is seen in the work of many clever fly fishermen, and seems to be the finishing touch that gets the fly on the exact inch of water aimed at, gets it there lightly and with the fine "point" of the gut laid so nice and straight. There was not much more to be noticed about his casting. He fished "far and fine"—I prefer near and fine, for one can then see much more of the game and is on terms at once with a hooked fish—but he strove for no extravagant length of line; recognising that very long casts lead to fish hooked rather than landed, where fish are heavy and weeds dense. He was not fastidious about the choice of flies.

Above all he was the least selfish, jealous, competitive angler. A keen angler, engaged to-day in public life, has said to me that the competitive spirit is fatal to complete happiness in angling: that when it enters in, the independence, the detachment, of the angler is interfered with, and then much of the joy is lost. This is true. To enjoy this pursuit, we must have no opponents or rivals; must not fish against anybody. And Pigou fished against nobody. Wherever he went, Lapland, Devonshire, Hertfordshire, Hampshire, it was the same: trout, salmon, wet fly, dry fly—fish came to his creel. With entire content he would roam all day by the brawling streams of Exmoor, landing troutlets of a few ounces in weight, as good a companion there as by chalk stream or salmon river. Exquisite in courtesy, as kind a listener as talker, always quick to give up the best bit of water to those who angled with him or shared his stretch of stream—many who knew the man can bear witness to these traits in him. But when he of his own accord chose the least promising bit of stream, it did not follow that he had poor sport. I remember an amusing illustration of this. He took me with him to fish for the first time a stretch of a Hertfordshire brook—the brook that is now dry—and before we had been fishing for long, two other anglers came on the scene. Pigou suggested that we might give up the best water by the hut to them, as we should have other chances in Hertfordshire during the week, and go to the top of the club stretch. We did so, and as luck would have it the trout rose eagerly in those upper meadows. They took a small dun or an alder fly fished dry. Between us, we landed about twenty pounds weight of trout. And all this while not a fin had stirred on the lower and better water! When we returned to the hut we straightened out and ranged our trout—the largest 2½ lb.—on the grass, and the other anglers coming up stared with amazement at the sight. "Why", exclaimed one of them—President to-day of the National Union, himself the best of sportsmen and angling companions—bursting into laughter—"why, you fellows must have been poaching!" For weight of trout it was like a day on his own Lathkill in Derbyshire, the beautiful water that has the pinkest trout in England. Another twenty-pound day on the same stream can be recalled. We had not a creel or fishing bag. What was to be done with the trout? Pigou strung them together on a bit of withy or osier, and in this style we took them back by train to London. On the way to the station we gave half a dozen to a workman, the weight being irksome. But when, at King's Cross, Pigou calmly proposed to walk a little way towards the club carrying these fish on the withy, I hastily left the lot to him, remembering an engagement somewhere. Pigou had a character serenely above convention and appearances. But to carry trout strung together on a withy through London streets!—one might as well carry a green gauze butterfly net and a collecting box.

GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

\* "Memories of the Months." Fourth Series. By Sir Herbert Maxwell. London: Arnold. 1907. 7s. 6d.



## POETRY.

I AM the reality of things that seem ;  
 The great transmutter, melting loss to gain,  
 Languor to love, and fining joy from pain.  
 I am the waking, who am called the dream ;  
 I am the sun, all light reflects my gleam ;  
 I am the altar-fire within the fane ;  
 I am the force of the refreshing rain ;  
 I am the sea to which flows every stream.  
 I am the utmost height there is to climb ;  
 I am the truth, mirrored in fancy's glass ;  
 I am stability, all else will pass ;  
 I am eternity, encircling time ;  
 Kill me, none may ; conquer me, nothing can—  
 I am God's soul, fused in the soul of man.

ELLA HEATH.

## WAGNER AT COVENT GARDEN.

CAN Wagner be heard properly anywhere but at Bayreuth or Munich? Can he be heard even at Munich as he is heard at Bayreuth? In a certain sense, no. The conditions at Bayreuth are perfect, not only because of a theatre designed after Wagner's pattern, for that we have now got at Munich, but because Bayreuth is a little provincial place in the midst of pine-woods, where the religious-minded can go into retreat, and be disturbed by nothing in the world. That we should have, here in London, the whole cycle of "The Ring", given in full, is a privilege for those who live in London, for which we cannot be too grateful to the authorities of Covent Garden. But the conditions of London life in the season make the privilege a diminished one, if we compare it with the immense satisfaction of Bayreuth. Here we have to get in our Wagner between two theatres, a dinner, a ball, every kind of daily and nightly engagement. We come tired to our seats, we listen restlessly, we have to hustle through our dressing and dining, our coming and going. It is impossible for us to compose our minds as we can compose them at Bayreuth, where there is nothing to do but stroll in the quiet streets, and up and down the paths in the wood, all day long, with the music always awaiting us, like a sacred ritual at which we are to assist. It is mentally and physically fatiguing to hear "The Ring" from beginning to end, under no matter what conditions; but how hard those conditions inevitably are in London!

In the performances at Covent Garden we have to take into consideration the actual difficulties and disabilities of London. How can we expect the true atmosphere of Wagner at a theatre when there is so little of that atmosphere anywhere in London, and especially at the hurried, crowded, and exacting period of the season? Yet for one thing we have good reason to be grateful. We have Richter as conductor, and in him we have the greatest living conductor, and almost, in a special sense, Wagner's representative. I personally would give the best singers, the best staging, perhaps even the pine-woods of Bayreuth, in exchange for Richter as a conductor. It is for the music, after all, that we go to hear Wagner; and the music only exists through the little white magic wand which the enchanter of the orchestra holds in his hand. Richter reminds me of Rodin, as he sits there, a little bent, hardly moving, heavy and aloof, drawing fire or thunder out of the "hollow gulf" before him at a lifting, not only of the *bâton*, but of a finger, an eyelid. He is not of an absolute evenness and quality, and, like Sarah Bernhardt, will sometimes go through his part indifferently. But his average, not only his best, is beyond the reach of any other conductor, and throughout the second cycle, which I attended, he was never below his splendid average, and several times at his very best. What is it in him that brings the very secret of Wagner out of these harmonies that can be so easily betrayed by the way? I suppose genius first of all, and then every technical quality that can actualise genius. Any one who has ever seen him at rehearsal will have noticed

that not one shade of sound will escape him in a torrent or tempest of sounds. He has the immense quietude of the greatest men, in whom emotion is Caliban and Ariel at once, and both in servitude. He masters, and is never mastered, and it is with a thrill of surprise and pleasure that we see him as he unchains the elements in Wagner's universe, effortless in their midst, directing them, a more effectual Wotan.

To praise an orchestra is to praise a conductor; and to say that the orchestra did justice to the music is partly saying that Richter gave them the inspiration without which they could not have done it. I shall never forget hearing German opera done under Mancinelli, in the old days that are, I hope, happily past. It was like the Italian band on the Pincio that used to play Weber and Wagner when Siegfried Wagner was in Rome. You can take every fine shade out of the greatest German music by forcing your orchestra to play it as if it were Italian music, all noise, smoothly rolling rhythms, and emphasis series by series. Even Wagner can be played like that, or could have been once. But the name of the new musical director at the Opera, Mr. Percy Pitt, is at least a sufficient guarantee that it never will be again at Covent Garden.

I am not sure that "The Ring" is in every way Wagner's finest, though I suppose it must be called his greatest, achievement; just as that other "Ring", "The Ring and the Book" of Browning, overtops all the rest of the work in bigness. "Tristan" for sheer passion, the "Meistersinger" for sheer music, each as a whole exceeds the never quite controlled bulk of this myth of the Nibelungen, in which Wagner has tried to be, and almost succeeded in being, primeval, a maker and fellow of gods, giants, and dragons. So lofty a language was never spoken in music, with so much in it of human speech carried upward and downward, not distorted by empty vain sublimities, but exaggerated in the true manner of art, on the central human pattern. Things like the fire-music, the wood-music, the love-duets of Siegmund and of Siegfried, are of course among the great things in which Wagner is simply excelling other people on their own ground. But there are many parts into which a purely German grotesque finds its way, uncouthnesses, experiments in imitation and suggestion, which only supreme genius could excuse, by transcending, as Wagner does, what is accidental in them by what is essential. The justification of the taps on the anvil, the clop-clop of uneven legs, the ugly tumult, uneasy horror, and all that might easily have been intrusive in a piece of pure music, is precisely this: that the music never suffers by it, and can be heard in the concert-room with perfect satisfaction, though inquiring minds may wonder at it there. If they are rightly in tune, their wonder will not hinder their delight.

Of the two series of "The Ring" which have been given I attended the second. There were many variations from the cast of the first. The general level was extremely high, though there were no surprises for us. And what Brünnhilde could ever make up for the absence of Ternina? She is a woman of Richter's own calibre, a great singer, an almost greater actress. She is among the singers I have heard in Wagner whom I shall never forget: Ternina first of all, then Jean de Reszké as Tristan, and, for a strange, big, youthful quality of his own, Alvary as Siegfried. The Siegfried now at Covent Garden, Herr Kraus, has delighted the audiences by something vigorous and spontaneous in his manner and by his rendering of the great scenes. His voice, in the middle register, is almost toneless; yet, especially in the last scenes of the "Götterdämmerung", he gave the ecstasy of the part with real feeling, force, and dignity. Mme. Gulbranson is not a wholly satisfying Brünnhilde, and her voice was wearied before the end; but her general conception of the part, though without subtlety, was good, and there was beauty and tenderness in her rendering. She did not give us the whole "wonder and wild desire" of the character, and in the great scene of the awakening in "Die Walküre", one missed the superb acting of Ternina, which gave a meaning to every pause and gesture. Mme. Kirkby Lunn, who plays several parts (and who found time to

do the Delilah of Saint-Saëns in an interval between two operas), has a lovely, grave, and passionate voice which is a delight to hear, whether as Erda or as Waltraute. She fills each part with all its beauty and meaning, and her voice cries among the instruments, as I think all voices should, as if it were one of them. There was fine character singing in most of the minor parts; Loge, Mime, Alberich, all were good; and the vast festal voice of Van Rooy made even the more tedious utterances of Wotan and the Wanderer beautiful in themselves, and certainly the "large utterance of the early gods".

It cannot be objected that the Covent Garden staging is not done on the Wagner tradition. But is it not time that that tradition should be modified, if not finally abandoned? That Alberich should be made up like the "white-eyed Kaffir" and Mime like Mr. George Robey impersonating primitive man, is quite in the tradition. Is it a necessary part of a beautiful staging of Wagner? I do not think it is, or that the toy horses of the Walkyries have any need of existence; and I am not even sure that the dear accustomed Fafner, the dragon who becomes more elegant and sympathetic every year, need be seen quite so explicitly. Wagner carried the principle of realism to its last limits, and the time of realism is, I hope, passing. Are there not new possibilities of staging these operas in a way that has never been attempted? Might not the music be helped, rather than hindered, by a décor and by costumes in which only illusion, and the furthering of the mystery of the music, should be aimed at? That is a question to which I should like to return some day in more detail.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

#### THE HUMANITIES OF GOLF.

AMONG the regular and most highly valued impedimenta of our armies and our pioneers are bags of golf-clubs and boxes of golf-balls. An epitome of our new social development lies in the predicament of the officer who found himself "bunkered in a skull on the plains of Benin". Whether the skull were a rub on the green or no became a burning question. The breadth of ravines in Chitral were tested in the very heat of a difficult campaign by the span of a consistent driver's "carry". The deserts of Africa suggest bunkers to our Civil servants, who speak of lofting in Pyramids. Ottawa, in danger of being a cenotaph in all but the parliamentary season, was socially saved by the adorable dunes across the river. There was something ludicrously British in the meeting some years ago in the midst of Mexico, whence a reporter telegraphed the announcement that the local but hardly indigenous player William Smith had routed the pick of the Scotch and English professionals.

There was consternation at S. Andrews, but when the recent history of the nation comes to be written the Scots will have a proud boast the day. They have always been great pioneers, and their achievements have been coped by the triumphant planting of flags—red out and white home—about all the continents and most of the islands. Where Scotsmen most abound, there do links most flourish. Toronto gives perhaps the best example. An extraordinary percentage of its inhabitants are of Scottish descent. It was once facetiously said that in order to meet with a welcome there you must either be a Scotsman or have an introduction from a Scotsman, and Toronto is the very nucleus of Canadian golf. Nowhere do so large a number of women make the game their morning amusement, nor the men so regularly take their evening recreation on the links. Eastern Canada is but one instance among many of the quality of the playing-fields that have been called in amiable satire the "links of empire". Sir Thomas Browne in one of the most lively of his conceits consoled himself, as weariness drove him to bed, with the thought that "the hunt was up in the antipodes". So and with greater accuracy the doctors at S. Andrews or Carnoustie may finish their evening rounds with the consolation that the ball is being teed on Australian plains. How successfully and earnestly is made admirably apparent by a Scotch professional from

S. Andrews' great rival, Carnoustie.\* So far the Scotch have been behind the Saxon in the making of books. Vardon and Taylor—whose overlapping grip is both a household and cosmopolitan word—were first in the field. But Braid soon followed them, and the balance is redressed by this fourth work, which has many of the merits of the first three; but in all we find one fault of omission. In every man, someone has said, is more of the schoolmaster than is quite agreeable to any woman. Your golfer delights in didactics even more than your professed schoolmaster; and if anyone wishes to know how didactic the combination may be, a day or two at any popular links during the Whitsuntide holidays will suffice. With some natural fears of presumption and some sense of awe this Scotch author confesses that he is no adherent to the Vardon-cum-Taylor-and-Braid grip, but rather, such is his rebel spirit, lets the left forefinger overlap by a little the finger of the right hand. The fact is taken as almost excuse enough in itself for a new book and will so be accepted by more earnest golfers. This vital distinction is illustrated and explained. So are all the strokes that man or woman ought to make, if they do not. The instruction is admirable; on that point let there be no doubt. But the beginner can be taught too persistently and older golfers are by now thoroughly weary of excess of lessons. The grammarian's work has been done often enough and well enough. Photographs of swings and grips and postures, correct and incorrect, and stances before balls laid on patterned mats, all these have been given to us to perfection by the masters. Vardon has "settled Hotis' business" and given us "the doctrine of the enclitic *de*". Nothing in Australian skies or turf warrants the repetition of old lessons. It may accurately be said of our professionals "*cælum non animum mutant*" when they leave S. Andrews for Melbourne; and on the clime, not the tactics of the game, they might enlarge. Golf, after all, perhaps in greater degree than any other game, is a social business. The pretty little quarrel between Lord Beauchamp and the commoners illustrates one of its social aspects. In several places working men begin to take to the game. Everywhere small boys are making money of the game, which indeed generally brings gain in many incidental ways to the places where it is played. One would like to know how society takes the game in Australia. Do workmen's clubs there flourish as once they flourished on one at least of the English links as long as seventy years ago? In all this development we should always rather expect to get a lead from the Antipodes, where they are nothing if not democratic; but Mr. Soutar, good Scotsman as he is, is so intent on impressing a perfect style, on getting quite accurate the bend of the forefinger and thumb in his particular grip, that he forgets all these social developments. He can tell a Carnoustie man from a S. Andrews by his waggle; and would like such proud distinctions of style to mark the Australian.

Buoyed on such hopes he gives us no sort of notion, except in unmeaning records of individual players and their achievements, how the game affects society in its new environment. He does not even tell us whether old, disreputable, but very intelligent men take the parts of caddies on the Rose Bay links as they do at S. Andrews and Wimbledon. Golf has its share of the humanities. Its professionals gain a manner, even a style, that is partly the gift of the open life they lead, partly of the fellowship and discipline in the game. Courtesy, almost chivalry, belongs to its way of competition. Driving over gorse and heather and under the larks you become a naturalist in the course of a game. It is a great defect in all other games that they tend to discourage observation, and are played in artificial places. Doubtless there is golfers' shop of a specialistic and offensive sort, but from our memories of golf other things emerge: the nightingales in Bembridge woods, the scribbled eggs of the yellowhammer in Hampshire whins, the whisper of the goldcrest in the Byfleet pines, the lark's nesting hollow and stonechat's tunnel on Hertfordshire commons, the gold gorse and purple heather and green grass and diamond seas. These

\* "The Australian Golfer." By O. C. Soutar. Angus and Robertson.



and other of the circumstances of the game are as well worth picturing, even in the libel of a photograph, as the eternal grips and stances and follow-throughs, which in the last analysis can only be learned by sight of the authentic player. To see Vardon play a single hole is a more liberal education in the game than a bookful of notions.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE JOAN OF ARC FÊTES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 Chesterfield Street, Mayfair, 14 May, 1907.

[The abstention of the Bishop of Orleans and the local Catholics from the annual fêtes in honour of Joan of Arc has not had the effect anticipated and no doubt hoped for in certain quarters. On the contrary, the celebration has never been a more unqualified success. There were more visitors than ever on Wednesday, and the procession was one of the most brilliant that Orleans has known. Public feeling showed itself to be strongly against the Clericals; the Freemasons were received with cheers mingled with very few hisses, and the Radical Deputies and the Mayor were loudly applauded. Indeed, the fête became a great Republican demonstration, and has served to expose the isolation of French Catholics from their fellow-countrymen. It is now generally recognised that the Bishop's intolerant attitude has recoiled on himself and his friends. In all probability he will never again receive an invitation to take part in the celebration. The two statues of Joan of Arc in Paris have been decorated with wreaths, two of which were sent by the National Association of Freethinkers, and bore the inscription, "A Jeanne d'Arc brûlée par les prêtres". This allusion to the incontestable historical fact that Joan was condemned by the Church as a witch and a heretic was resented by the Catholics, and at the instigation of a priest a youth of nineteen climbed the statue opposite the Church of S. Augustin and removed the offending wreath, which he there and then destroyed. The young gentleman is now in the hands of the police, but he is not likely to be severely dealt with.—*SUN*, 11 May, 1907.]

SIR,—This extract from a well-known weekly journal of advanced Liberal opinions is an excellent specimen of the misrepresentations of French public feeling expressed by the foreign correspondents of most English newspapers.

The true state of the case as regards the late celebrations at Orleans is as follows.

It is quite true that there were no riots on this occasion and no public outcry in the street against the mutilation of a festival which, with the exception of a space of six or seven years during the French revolutionary period, has been held year by year in Orleans for more than four centuries.

The good people of Orleans showed their disapproval of the governmental anti-religious policy by remaining at home, and closing the shutters of the windows looking upon the streets through which the uninteresting and formal procession of civil and military functionaries passed.

Those who have in former years been present at the annual Jeanne d'Arc celebration in Orleans, when the ceremonies were carried out according to time-honoured precedent, were best able to judge how significant and impressive was this silent manifestation of disapproval.

The streets, now empty, were formerly thronged by a joyous crowd, who watched with eager interest and delight the picturesque and triumphal procession wending its way through the streets.

The houses, now closed and apparently deserted, were then covered with hangings of velvet and silk in the wealthy quarters and bright calicoes and cheap draperies in the poorer parts of the town, masses of flowers almost concealing the brick and stone work of the buildings.

On the evening for the torchlight procession, each window along the line of route was brilliantly illuminated.

But now the morning and evening processions wended their melancholy way through a mourning town, the people of Orleans, without any riot or disorder, plainly intimating to the mayor and the Freemasons that they (the citizens) would take no part in this laicised festival.

The soldiers marched along under orders without a sign of enthusiasm.

Many officers openly expressed the annoyance and mortification they experienced in leading their men

through streets which, dark and unilluminated at night, were empty and deserted during the day.

All counter manifestations were carefully avoided by the citizens for two reasons.

First, the Government had drafted over four hundred police agents from Paris into the town to protect the Freemasons, and made every possible preparation for the suppression of disturbances. The people of Orleans were determined that no excuse should be given the Ministry for this police invasion.

Secondly, the Bishop of Orleans formally bade the clergy, and earnestly entreated the laity, to avoid any kind of disorder, Monseigneur Touchet being well aware that M. Clemenceau was anxiously watching for the smallest pretext by which he could take offensive measures against the Christians; more particularly to find an excuse to forbid the religious ceremonies of May 12 (the following Sunday), by closing the cathedral and churches in Orleans upon that day. The religious ceremonies, in consequence, took place with the greatest possible dignity and pomp, and were attended by all but a fraction of the people of Orleans.

I am, faithfully yours,  
JESSICA SYKES.

### THE IRISH COUNCIL AND SINN FEIN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 May, 1907.

SIR,—In criticising the Irish Council Bill, I see that among others, you express the following view:—

"The new Council will give the Sinn Fein party exactly what they want, a machinery for paralysing Irish administration so long as Separatist demands are refused."

Surely, Sir, this is not the reasoned and permanent opinion of the SATURDAY REVIEW. The present Bill, whatever its drawbacks, can never possibly assist the Sinn Fein Society. In the first place the fundamental tenet of that society is that the Irish M.P.s ought to resign their seats because all legitimate and Parliamentary agitation has been proved to be useless. Now the very introduction of this Bill in itself justifies the legitimate methods. Secondly, the main reason of the Sinn Fein's existence is, that, after these long years of waiting, the Nationalist M.P.s have nothing to show for time and money spent,—that "England will not listen to our demands" even when they are, as now, of the most moderate character. The passing of this new Bill would entirely discredit such bitter doctrines. The smallest success for the Parliamentary party would go far to overthrow the Sinn Fein, who would certainly have no chance of sharing in the triumph of their opponents.

Although with such impracticable views the Sinn Fein has hitherto made no serious progress, we may perhaps quote the following extract as showing its reception of the new Bill, and how little it expects from it:—

"The betrayal is now complete. Home Rule is gone by the board. After twenty-one years of waiting and service Ireland is to get from British Liberalism something infinitely less than Joseph Chamberlain and the Unionist party offered Ireland in 1887. . . . This is the fruition of Parliamentaryism. For twenty-one years it has lived and thrived by shouting in the ear of Ireland that it would bring about Home Rule. Where is Home Rule now? And where is the Ireland of 1886?"

The new Bill, as everyone admits, is devised so as to bring about the smallest changes possible. It represents the very minimum that could be asked for by the most moderate reformers in Ireland. Obviously therefore, its rejection, not its acceptance by England, would strengthen the hands of the Sinn Fein. These extremists would then justify their attacks on the Nationalist M.P.s by saying "Even this paltry measure England has denied to us. What possible use can there be in constitutional methods?"

I am, Sir, yours &c.,  
G. B.

## THE UNIVERSITIES AND COMMERCIALISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sneaton Castle, Whitby, 10 May, 1907.

SIR,—Are our two great Universities gradually to lose all their exquisite poetry and glamour at the suggestions of certain prosaic utilitarians who have become so saturated with this modern mania for "simplicity" that they depreciate and seek to destroy almost all that is beautiful? All this unreasonable hatred of symbolism is not the least obvious manifestation of a growing desire to vulgarise institutions and customs hallowed by time and hitherto wonderfully free from Puritanical contamination. But most of us Oxford and Cambridge men have no real sympathy with this latest development of English Puritanism and we are determined to offer resolute resistance to such an unpleasant tendency of the commercial spirit of the age. We are convinced that the older Universities are meant for the artist in education and not for the artisan, who can find a congenial sphere in any of the numerous "up-to-date" academies for adults elsewhere. It is sincerely to be hoped that the views of the Regius Professor of Greek will eventually prevail.

I am, yours, &amp;c.,

WILFRID M. LEADMAN.

## LORD S. ALDWYN'S QUOTATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Lower House, Berlin, C.C., 5 April, 1907.

SIR,—Your notable REVIEW is, as ever, correct. The present writer longed to point out the very flaw in Lord S. Aldwyn's quotation (as regards the situation in South Africa) you have detected—the most extraordinary part of the matter being that the address (Lord S. Aldwyn's) was applauded to the echo!

M. AITKEN CONNELL.\*

[Our correspondent's reference is to a note in the SATURDAY REVIEW, 16 March, on Lord S. Aldwyn's suggested Vergilian motto for General Botha: "Under equal laws two unconquered races make an eternal treaty."—ED. S.R.]

## A SEQUEL TO RUSKIN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wonston, Crowborough.

SIR,—Under the present condition of copyright it seems not improbable that every standard work will in future go down to posterity in an incomplete and unrevised form. It may be well perhaps to draw attention to such cases as they occur.

My late brother George Dennis's "Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria" was originally published by Mr. Murray in 1848. Thirty years later the author issued a second edition embodying the results of the research which had taken place in the interval. This edition was nearly half as large again as the first and contained twelve new plans and numerous additional illustrations.

Messrs. Dent have now reprinted the first edition in a cheap form without a word to show that they are offering to the public a book which was superseded by its author in 1878. Professor Lindsay, who writes the introduction, must be surely unaware that he is lending the weight of his name to a work that has no claim to be reprinted as the "Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria".

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

JOHN DENNIS.

[Here is another glaring case of copywrong. We hope Mr. Lloyd-George will take note.—ED. S.R.]

## REVIEWS.

FROM O'NEILL TO GRATTAN.

"History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." By Rev. E. A. D'Alton. In Three Volumes. Volume II.: from 1547 to 1782. London: Kegan Paul. 1906. 12s. net.

FATHER D'ALTON makes no claim to add to the body of historical knowledge, but is content to summarize and set in order the material already existing in printed form. The scheme of his work—the first volume of which we noticed some two years ago—compels him to condense into 550 pages the story of nearly two and a half centuries. The authorities are many, and those who were contemporary generally had fierce prejudices. For the whole period was one of conflict between English and Irish. The Reformation, accepted by a few leading Anglo-Irish and Irish nobles, turned a chaos of warring clans into potential soldiers of the Roman Church, and in the sixteenth century Irish history begins to assume some sort of tragic unity. Yet religious differences do not supply the original key to many Irish problems: the hands of Philip and Mary were as heavy upon the Gaelic clans of Leix and Offaly as were the hands of Elizabeth on Munster. Still, when England had thrown off the Roman allegiance, Irish malcontents could find friends in the Roman Catholic Powers. In Elizabeth's reign Ireland was to a great extent a supplementary chess-board whereon Gloriana and the Spaniards played out a minor match in the great contest. Even so, it is a remarkable fact (not sufficiently weighed by Father D'Alton) that Irish chiefs in active rebellion had as a rule no apparent thought of repudiating the supreme authority of the Crown, fiercely as they resented and opposed the manifestations of that authority. The seamy side of Elizabethan England is to be found in Ireland, where cultured gentlemen treated the natives with precisely the same ferocity which, when practised by the Spaniards in America, called forth these gentlemen's righteous indignation. It was an age of bad faith and cruelty, and the chief evidence of the superior civilisation of the English is that on occasion they called in the resources of the poisoner's art against obnoxious chiefs. Here, indeed, we see in practice the lax notions which Roger Ascham described as acquired from Italy by young gentlemen sent on continental travels. Some deputies and soldiers stand out as doing their duty without treachery: these were generally undermined in London by jealous rivals and disgraced. In making compositions with heads of Irish clans the rights of the clansmen were ignored: thence came the beginning of the Irish Land Question. When a chief was attainted, he was assumed to have been a landlord in the English sense (which he was not) and the holdings of his followers were confiscated. Spenser has left us a horrible description of the wars of extermination in Munster, and the rest of Ireland fared little better. Yet the septs could not unite. Shane O'Neill fell because the O'Donnells were against him. FitzGerald of Desmond got no effectual help from the North. Hugh O'Neill, a man of amazing ability, seemed at one time likely to make himself master of all Ireland, but he was worn down in the end, and the victor of the Yellow Ford died an exile at Rome. James I. had such an opportunity as had come to no King of England. Ireland would have accepted cheerfully a Stuart sovereign who protected the old faith. But Gunpowder Plot destroyed all hope of religious peace. And indeed by that time the zeal of the Jesuits had begun to make Irish Catholicism a new political force. The Plantation of Ulster, whence O'Neill and O'Donnell had fled lest their old offences should be recalled after they had laid down their arms, brought in a new element, and in 1641 the dispossessed Irishry rose to recover their forfeited lands, and the horrors of religious war swept over the land. The Ulster Roman Catholics were primarily fighting for land, but the Puritan authorities insisted on regarding the movement as a crusade, and turned it into a war of religion.

The Catholic Anglo-Irish of the Pale, always loyal



to the Crown, were driven to arms in self-defence, and made a pact with the Northern rebels. Events in England and Scotland introduced cross-currents. Ormond (an Anglican) and Clanricarde (a Romanist) stood for the king throughout, but found themselves opposed by the Ulster Catholics, sometimes by the Lords of the Pale, and intermittently by the Presbyterian Scots of Ulster and the Protestant colonists of Ulster. Owen Roe O'Neill, a fine soldier in the Spanish service, came to Ulster and turned a rabble into an army. Rinuccini, Papal Legate, came to Kilkenny and inaugurated a strange policy, in which the purpose of recovering Ireland for King Charles had little part. When the king was a prisoner in England the rôle of Ormond, his deputy, was an impossible one, even had the Glamorgan mission not further confused the issues. Owen Roe died prematurely, after actually contemplating an alliance with the Puritans (who gave no quarter to Irish soldiers in England—or their wives). Bishops launched excommunications right and left, without much effect. Rinuccini went back to Rome. The execution of King Charles turned for the moment all Irishmen into Royalists, but did not make the five or six rival armies coalesce, and Cromwell's task was far easier than could have been foreseen. How he used his success we all know. Charles II., having been restored by a change of temper in his father's enemies, could not afford to do justice to his father's friends, and so the Restoration settlement stereotyped the results of Cromwellian confiscations. When James II. sought refuge in Ireland the old national jealousies paralysed his cause. He wished so to act in Ireland that he might regain the English Throne, but his Irish supporters regarded the royal cause as a means of recovering their lands and their political position. After the Revolution peace in Ireland might have been secured had the Treaty of Limerick been observed, but a series of penal laws robbed Roman Catholics of all part in the national life. Gradually the Protestant landowners were turned by harsh commercial legislation in England into Irish patriots of a new type. The discontented English colonists began to express sentiments which the native Irish could share, and the movement so ably started by Swift's pamphlets won a temporary legislative triumph under Grattan.

Here Father D'Alton pauses. His account of the eighteenth century is disproportionately short; probably because Lecky has covered the ground so exhaustively. But he enters fully into the chaos of the seventeenth, and his summary of the Elizabethan wars is the best of its kind that we have seen. He writes carefully, with an eye on the State papers, but has omitted to take full advantage of the multitude of tracts and pamphlets. This is not surprising: his three volumes are intended to cover thirteen centuries. But more than ever we feel that the history of Stuart Ireland remains to be written. Father D'Alton has few graces of style, but he is workmanlike, and is wise to avoid rhetoric. He makes figures like Hugh O'Neill and Owen Roe, Tyrconnell and Sarsfield stand out clearly. He has not in the least grasped the point of view of Cavaliers like Ormond, whose first and paramount duty was to the king, and who have earned the execration of popular writers because they could not see with the eyes of the O'Neills. Nor does he seem to appreciate the value of the works of Swift and Berkeley as evidence of the state of the country. His chapter on the work of the Irish brigades in the French service is well done. As regards the persecutions suffered by his own clergy—real and horrible enough, Heaven knows—he would have been wise to cite earlier authorities than nineteenth-century compilations. On the whole, what impresses us most is his impartiality: he desires to get at the truth and tell it plainly. His view would be broader if he had entered more closely into English history. In his pages the English descend from time to time on Ireland like capricious tormentors, whereas there was, we venture to suggest, generally some cause—perhaps in continental, perhaps in home politics—which underlay every new departure in Irish policy. To admit this would not be to condone misgovernment.

## STUDIES IN ATTIC DRAMA.

"*Æschylus in English Verse.*" Part II.: *Prometheus Bound. The Suppliant Maidens.* By Arthur S. Way. London: Macmillan. 1907. 3s. 6d. net.

"*The Medea of Euripides.*" Translated into English Rhyming Verse, with Explanatory Notes by Gilbert Murray. London: George Allen. 1906. 2s. net.

"*Paralipomena Sophoclea. Supplementary Notes on the Text and Interpretation of Sophocles.*" By Lewis Campbell. London: Rivingtons. 1907. 6s. net.

"*Pervigilium Veneris.*" Latine incerti auctoris. Græce Hugonis H. Johnson. Oxonii: B. H. Blackwell. 1907.

BY an interesting coincidence we are enabled to notice in one article versions of Greek tragedies by two eminent translators. Furthermore the difference of their material, their aims and their results, is very instructive. Both writers are well known. Mr. Murray has transformed Euripides for us on many other occasions, till the critics' store of adjectives is failing; he seemed at first to partake of the nature of a comet, but we are beginning to realise that he more closely resembles a brilliant constellation. Mr. Way, though never soaring to such dazzling heights, has been steadily winning renown as a versatile, safe and graceful translator. *Æschylus*, *Euripides*, *Homer*, *Horace*, the tale of the Argonauts and the letters of *S. Paul* form among them a fair test of a translator's ability. Both have translated *Euripides*. When we have Mr. Murray's *Æschylus* we shall be able to make a still closer comparison between the two. Of course such a comparison can be fairly made only by remembering that Mr. Murray's aim is very different from that of Mr. Way.

The former's use of rhymed five-foot couplets, as against the established blank verse, for rendering the *ῥῆγος* was hotly opposed at first as "modern", "romantic", &c., but he has converted many of us by his wonderful handling of his medium, at any rate to the extent of confessing that for Mr. Murray and *Euripides* in conjunction there could not have been found a fitter mode of expression. Mr. Murray's present volume will probably not materially affect his position. It is only what we expected. It is once more *Euripides* "seen through a temperament", a temperament which might have been his own had he lived to-day. One poet is the mouthpiece of the other. We await with interest the completion of the *Tragedies*, and especially the *Alkestis*.

Mr. Way's second instalment of *Æschylus* gives us two plays which, though connected by a thread of mythology, have little else in common. The "*Suppliant Maidens*" is in the poet's "early manner", and is archaic in effect. We see its nearness to the origins of tragedy in the predominance of the chorus, who take up a large part of the play with their utterances and are the heroines of the drama. But the "*Prometheus*" stands out as one of the world's masterpieces. Its vague supernatural atmosphere and background, the startling antinomy it presents and leaves unsolved, the majesty of the tortured and defiant Titan as friends and enemies defile before him, and the awfulness of the doom which ends the tragedy, combine to place this drama on a pinnacle apart. We know how modern critics have explained and modern poets striven to complete the story; we have hints how *Æschylus* himself untied the knot; but beyond and above such considerations the play itself remains—a Sphinx without an *Œdipus*. Mr. Way's version is excellent, faithful in the right sense, easy and natural, and preserves to a wonderful degree the massive strength of the original. Many writers of very diverse gifts have attempted *Æschylus*, and Mr. Way can hold his own with any of them.

*Sophocles* has had fewer eminent translators than *Æschylus* or *Euripides*, but he has received his full share of notice from commentators. Professor Lewis Campbell has edited and translated him with a certain amount of success, and this present volume is a kind of aftermath, a literary gleanings from the well-worked field. Its form presents difficulties to the reviewer. It

consists of disjointed notes, second thoughts on disputed passages, and these are entirely divorced not only from the text but from the full discussions of previous more complete works. To criticise a book of this kind properly, one must go back not only to the Professor's previous works, but also to the writings of others whom he supports or controverts.

Jebb is his principal concern, and shall be ours. In "Antigone", 601-603, the well-known controversy between supporters of *κοῖνός* and *κόνις* has been further accentuated by Jebb's return in his third edition—1900—to his early love *κόνις*, after he had brilliantly and convincingly supported *κοῖνός* in his first edition. Professor Campbell's defence of *κόνις* in "Tragic Drama" was singularly confused and unsatisfactory. Here he is much more lucid and much more impartial. We discussed the question in the SATURDAY REVIEW (25 February and 4 March, 1905) and have not altered our opinion, in spite of Jebb proving a "Lost Leader". Professor Jebb is quoted by Professor Campbell with approval to the effect that *νευτέρων κοῖνός*, "The axe of the Infernal Powers", does not harmonise with "Frenzy of speech and madness of heart", *φρενῶν Ἐπῆρος*. But we must remember that to the Greek audiences who knew their Æschylus the Erinys had presented themselves in their personal character, before they were watered down to mental states, quite as vividly as the "Infernal Powers" or any other personification, such as "Madness" in the "Heracles" of Euripides.

Again, "Antigone", 904-920. Professor Campbell would retain this painfully grotesque passage, "against the hosts of critics who, since Goethe's 'obiter dictum', have pronounced against it". He calls this "an act of unpardonable temerity", but he is partly justified by Mr. Swinburne's imitation in the "Atalanta". Jebb at any rate is dead against it as an interpolation. Antigone is being led out to die in her prime a horrible death, because she has given ritual burial to her brother in defiance of the king's edict. She places, she says, the higher law above the lower, and she justifies this lofty standpoint thus: She would never have undertaken the task for a child or a husband, because children and husbands are replaceable, but brothers are not—by an orphan! The "higher law" is in strange company here. We know Athenian audiences had a taste for quibbling, but this must have been a little strong.

O.T. 44 : ὡς τοῖσιν ἐμπεύρουσι καὶ τὰς ἐννοφῶρας  
ζώσας ὄρω μάλιστα τῶν βουλευμάτων.

The Priest, after describing the terrible ravages wrought on Thebes by the mysterious plague, utters this request (Jebb's version): "And now, Ædipus, king glorious in all eyes, we beseech thee, all we suppliants, to find for us some succour, whether by the whisper of a god thou knowest it, or haply as in the power of man." Then comes our couplet, which, following Dr. Kennedy, many scholars rendered thus:—"(Consult some one else) for with the experienced I notice that even the comparisons of counsels have a living power most often", or something of the kind. Professor Campbell calls this the new meaning, and Jebb shows in his masterly appendix that there is an older interpretation, which he revives and adopts. "For I see that when men have been proved in deeds past" (as Ædipus had against the Sphinx, line 35 above) "the issues of their counsels, too, must often have effect". Here Professor Campbell seems to be in accord with Jebb, but his note on the passage is rambling and confused.

In O.T. 1221 :

τὸ δ' ὀρθὸν εἰπεῖν, ἀνέπνευσά τ' ἐκ σίθεν  
καὶ κατεκόμῃσα τοῦτον ὄμμα.

Professor Campbell seems to disagree with Jebb, rightly as we think. The chorus in lamenting the fall of Ædipus exclaim, "Alas, thou child of Laius, would, would that I had never seen thee! I wail as one who pours a dirge from his lips; sooth to speak, 'twas thou that gavest me new life, and through thee darkness hath fallen upon mine eyes." Now another version would run: "I drew the breath of life from thee, and closed mine eyes in sleep because of thee" (under thy care). We are inclined to prefer the latter version. There does not seem anything of a sufficient antithesis

in the Greek to present such a sharp contrast as Jebb gives us. On the point of taste and fitness, either might be defended. The apologetic "to tell the truth" is strange in either case.

These "Paralipomena", on the whole, will add little to Professor Campbell's reputation. They are, like some similar work of his in "Tragic Drama", disjointed and sometimes superficial. He is nothing if not conservative, and ignores many admirable conjectures of Jebb and others. But a commentator on Sophocles must be prepared for new lights on difficulties, and should realise that the final word is neither possible nor even desirable.

The "Pervigilium Veneris" marks the end of an epoch and, very appropriately, recalls in its metre the poets of that epoch's beginnings. The trochee in this form was one of the earliest Latin measures, and its revival was the very last effort of expiring Classicism. With its wonderful refrain and coinciding stresses, its assonances and occasional rhymes, it is a prelude to the accentual Latin poetry of the Middle Age. The refrain indeed makes the poem; and here we have only space to point out that Mr. Johnson's version, though admirably faithful in many respects, has quite missed the childlike directness and simplicity of

"Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit  
cras amet"

in his

αἴριον φρίξας ἔρωτι κοῦτε φρίξας φρισσέτω.

One physical manifestation of the great passion instead of the simple comprehensive sweep of the passion itself!

#### THE MYSTERIES OF THE BLACK MAN'S MIND.

"At the Back of the Black Man's Mind, or Notes on the  
Kingly Office in West Africa." By R. E. Dennett.  
London: Macmillan. 1906. 10s. net.

MR. DENNETT'S book is not easy either to read or to review. It is written in a somewhat jerky and unconventional fashion, for its author seems to lack the art of weaving his knowledge into a clear and consecutive narrative. The student of his pages may well lose himself in a morass of disconnected notes spotted with native terms and names, many of which appear to be capable of interpretation or enlargement into whole paragraphs of English. Still it must not be inferred that the work has no value; indeed we think it very valuable, for if only it can be assimilated, it contains much learning born of careful observation, and is animated by an insight penetrating as it is rare. Traders and missionaries dwell among the West Coast natives and bring back tales of their fetishes and abominable cruelties, behind which they seem to have found nothing. But Mr. Dennett goes deeper, and at the bottom of this sea of blood and superstition he discovers pearls.

What are his conclusions? That under Jujuism, or Fetishism, is hidden a very high conception of God, "the one and only true God, and not merely the white man's God", and that the king is a representative of God, a high-priest as well as a sovereign, ruling in fact by right divine and to a divine end. Moreover, he seems to prove his point, as the reader may see for himself in the chapter on Nzambi, or God, and in the address said to have been given by the king of the Bavili to his people. It is a very mystical address, for in it a single word or symbol is often much expanded, and whether the king Maluango is supposed to have uttered these isolated words or their expanded translation we confess we cannot discover.

To take an example—the words "Lukulu" and "Luai" are rendered thus: "Two other great rivers flow into our river of Being, that of spirit and nature. And thus by spiritual law through the spirit of our ancestors we are connected with and of God, by natural law we are connected with and of the Sun. In us are two great lights, the light uncreated and the created light." Such is the rendering of "Lukulu" and "Luai"; verbal pemmican with a vengeance.



But if Mr. Dennett's interpretation is correct, of which we have no doubt, it will be observed that King Maluango was capable of very advanced ideas on the subject of our physical and moral nature.

Indeed, the ordinary man, even though he be not unacquainted with African natives and their modes of thought, may be forgiven a certain amount of bewilderment when he is informed that among the Bini and Bavili "there are two hundred and one parts in their philosophy which all must bear in mind". We have tried honestly to obey the injunction but must confess to complete failure.

So far as clearness goes, the extracts from "Yoruba Heathenism", by Bishop Johnson, an African native, which Mr. Dennett quotes in his Appendix, are much to be preferred. According to the Bishop, although the Yoruba gods are frequently reckoned as four hundred and one in number, there are in reality six hundred of them, of whom the greatest, Ifa, is generally represented by sixteen palm nuts! Yet the moral system distilled from these numerous divinities appears to be excellent and to inculcate every virtue whereof the motives "are a belief in a retributive Providence, either for good or for evil". It seems, too, that the spirits of the dead depart into a heaven which has two divisions. One is the heaven of happiness where the good dwell, and the other the heaven of potsherds where the wicked are thrown on to a heap of rubbish. Virtuous spirits, however, are not allowed to remain long in the happy heaven, as they are re-born into their own families, for which reason children are given such names as "Our-mother-has-retained-to-us." In short, either the religious beliefs of the West African native are very confusing, or the ordinary European mind is too dense to grasp them with clearness. Still this fact remains impressed upon the reader of Mr. Dennett's book; they have a distinct conception of an over-ruling Providence or God, as we understand the term, and by many a dark and dubious method strive to do him worship.

Mr. Dennett gives much interesting information as to fetishes, whereof the portrait of a truly terrific specimen resembling in appearance a demoniacal "Gollywog" adorns his frontispiece, stuck all over with the nails that carry the curse. It appears that these fetishes, or some of them, are made from a tree called Muamba, and that when the doctor cuts this tree down no one present must mention any person by his name. If he does so, that person will die and his Kulu, which we understand to be a kind of personal essence, will enter the wood and become the dominating spirit of the fetish. Therefore at a solemn palaver a lad of promise or a brave hunter is chosen, whose name is called out at the cutting of the tree, from which blood flows instead of sap. This honoured but unlucky individual dies within ten days for "the welfare of the people", and his Kulu goes into the fetish. The natives say that he will certainly die without material interference on the part of the doctor or anyone else, either by poison or otherwise, and Mr. Dennett does not appear to contradict them. However elevated may be the inner faith of the West African tribes, it must be admitted that in such matters it manifests itself in a very unpleasant fashion. Probably here, as in other places where the negro and kindred races are established, often enough the bewitched victim does in fact die of some disease of the nerves brought on by terror.

In Yoruba expiatory sacrifices are common to take away the sin of the people or to assure their prosperity. If the sufferer is a man, a scape-man he might be called, he is treated with every consideration, and while awaiting his fate given all that his heart can desire. Then on the appointed day he is marched through the streets of the town disguised with ashes and chalk that are thrown all over him, while the inhabitants run out and touch him with their hands to transfer to him their griefs and crimes. At length he sets up a song, whereon his head is cut off and his blood offered to the gods of heaven. Then follow great rejoicings, with dancing and beating of drums, because the sacrifice has been accepted and the sin of the tribe taken away. If he chances to study such matters, the reader may remember that in ancient Mexico a very similar ceremony was celebrated in honour of the

god Texcat, creator of the world. In this case also the victim was pampered until the day of offering.

Another remarkable custom mentioned by Mr. Dennett is that which allows the sisters of the king of the Bavili to choose their own husbands, who practically become their slaves and must renounce all other wives or women. We gather that the king himself is obliged to do likewise, only it would seem that he is allowed to select his own princess. In short, the beliefs and customs discoverable at the back of the black man's mind, which, by the way, include various forms of tree-worship, are many and often most revolting. All students will be grateful to Mr. Dennett for the care and labour which he has expended in collecting and recording them, although some may wish that he could have carried out his task in a simpler and less perplexing fashion. Perhaps, however, the blame should be laid upon the subject itself, which is intricate and bewildering, or even on the reader who lacks the peculiar lore necessary to the appreciation of esoteric rites and renderings that are doubtless clear enough to the author's mind.

#### WELSH SACRAMENTAL PLATE.

"The Church Plate in the Diocese of Bangor." By E. Alfred Jones. London: Bemrose. 1906. 21s. net.

"The Old Church Plate of the Isle of Man." By E. Alfred Jones. London: Bemrose. 1907. 10s. 6d. net.

THE disappearance of practically all mediæval Church plate from the diocese of Bangor and indeed the whole of Wales is not in itself peculiar. The loss of the Church in England has been almost as great. Nevertheless, though the change indicated by the universal destruction of mediæval chalices or their transformation into Elizabethan Communion cups is common to both the Welsh and English dioceses, the general absence of such relics of the past is more impressive in Wales than in England. Take for instance S. Beuno's Church at Aberffraw in Anglesey. Aberffraw was the Windsor of independent Wales, the favourite palace of the princes of the house of Cunedda. One might have expected that this church of the Llewelyns would have preserved some memorials of its ancient greatness. In fact it boasts a chalice with the London hall-mark for the year 1866-7, and a paten of the ordinary silver dish kind, on the back of which is the inscription "The gift of St Arthur Owen, Bar<sup>l</sup> to the Parish Church of Aberffraw 1753". The learned author of this book has however discovered in an alms-dish in use at S. Beuno's Church, Clynnog, in Carnarvonshire, a fifteenth-century mazer bowl. The Church of S. Tudwen, Llandudwen, in the same county, also boasts a pre-Reformation chalice of 1500. Besides this cup there survives to-day in the whole of Wales only one other pre-Reformation chalice of English make, and that at Llanellian in Denbighshire. Many of the pre-Reformation "massing chalices" perished in the sacrilegious loot that marked the Edwardian Reformation; many however were, under the commands of that Genevan-minded episcopate which misruled the Church in the earlier years of Elizabeth, sent to the silversmiths' and transformed into "decent Communion cups". In some cases the transformation was not perfectly effected. By way of example, in the little cup at Bottwnog Church in Carnarvonshire which bears the date 1575 the traces of the original gilding of a pre-Reformation chalice are plainly visible. What is peculiar to this diocese is that here only twenty-eight even of these Elizabethan cups survive. Most of them have gone the way of the massing chalices. This volume, which contains melancholy evidence of the loss even in comparatively modern times of much Church plate of priceless value, indirectly shows how low has been the standard of discipline in the Welsh Church of Victorian days. It may suggest also that some Welsh incumbents have been guilty of dishonesty. Certainly the standard of the Church in Wales has in this matter been far lower than in England even in its worst days.

The Laudian movement only slightly touched Wales; but it has left traces in this diocese in the massive Communion service given to Bangor Cathedral by its Cavalier Bishop, William Roberts, in 1637, and also in the chalice engraved with the standing figures of the three Maries presented in 1610 to Beddgelert by Sir John Williams, James I.'s goldsmith, and a native of the parish. Talking of Welsh goldsmiths, it is a curious fact that hardly any of the Church plate in the Bangor diocese seems to have been fashioned or refashioned in Wales. In Queen Elizabeth's time Welsh parsons in the main ordered their Church plate from London, though the silversmiths at Chester also did a good business in this line. Actually the pewter plates used as patens, alms-dishes and collecting-plates bear London, Liverpool and Birmingham marks. The large plain chalices of the Georgian days may be seen in many churches, and among their donors appear the names of some of the aristocratic Welsh families, Bulkeleys, Wynns, Williamses, and Vaughans. In modern times generous donations have done something to make amends for the losses of the past, and it is interesting to reflect that Mr. Gladstone's close connexion with Wales will be recalled to future generations not only by S. Deiniol's Library, but by the massive silver Communion service with which his piety has dowered S. Seiriol's Church, Penmaenmawr. Unhappily even the revival of Church feeling in Wales brings new perils to the antiquarian treasures of Welsh churches. Mr. Jones justly condemns the silly action of a Merionethshire cleric who as late as 1888 caused an interesting eighteenth-century chalice to be mediaevalised.

In conclusion, no words of commendation can be too high for the way in which Mr. Jones has done his work. Over his plates and pages alike ecclesiologists and antiquaries will bend with enthusiasm. The great value of the book is that it will do much to foster a spirit of reverence for the choicest religious relics that remain to Wales, and to make more difficult in the future such acts of vandalism and sacrilege as the author condemns.

Since this review was written we have received the "Old Church Plate in the Isle of Man" by the same author. To those connected with the island the book will be interesting. It shows, however, that in this Celtic land, "which contains in proportion to its geographical area a larger number of sculptured monuments of the early Christian period than any other part of the British Isles", "not a fragment of any Celtic sacramental vessel has come down to us". A mediæval chalice bearing the London date-letter 1521-2 survives at Kirk Patrick Jurby, and there is a mediæval silver paten at Kirk Malew. The author, however, destroys the fond belief that the silver plate of Rushen Abbey which passed into the hands of the Earl of Derby (who was of course King of Man) at the Reformation is still possessed by his descendants. It was melted down for King Charles with the rest of the Stanley plate in the days of the Civil War. What is most curious, however, about Manx Church plate is that not a single specimen of the Elizabethan Communion cup survives here, though examples of it may be found in every county in England. Traces of "Popish superstition" survived long, we know, in the realm of the Stanleys, and perhaps the massing chalices only went out in the Commonwealth. Such Manx Church plate as is not modern is partly of the seventeenth but mainly of the eighteenth century.

#### NOVELS.

"Ghetto Comedies." By Israel Zangwill. London: Heinemann. 1907. 6s.

What one is perhaps most conscious of when reading Mr. Zangwill is the sureness of his level. His stories are not all of the same value but one is sure when beginning each of them that it will lead somewhere. He can be very serious in his comedies, he can be suggestively speculative, he will risk even stirring more of tragedy than seems consistent with his title, or he will abandon himself wholly to the humour of his situation. That he devotes his speculations and his

craftsmanship to the modern life of the Jew is all to our advantage, but it inevitably produces in a volume of tales a somewhat oppressive sense of atmosphere. For Mr. Zangwill does not cultivate illusions. He tries, as far as he can, to see things as they are, and he sees so fearlessly and so sympathetically that he often succeeds in distilling a charm out of even the unloveliest attributes. He shows us the process at work in the first of these stories, where the painter seeks a model for his "Man of Sorrows", and paints his noble figure and sorrow-haunted face as the symbol of "the Christ of peoples", the Christ incarnated in a race, before discovering that his model is a cringing fraud, an oily-tongued liar. The discovery reveals to him what is the true tragedy of the Jew, "the martyrdom of an Israel unworthy of his sufferings", "to have persisted sublimely and to be as sordidly perverted: to be king and knave in one". That is finely seen and finely said, and of the same delicate perception is the sculptor's detection, in another story, of a root of anti-Semitism in the Jew himself. "It was merely a part of their general imitation of their neighbours—Jews, reflecting everything, had reflected even the dislike for the Jews." Though too sincere an artist to afflict us with "views", one takes from the book that reflective quality in the Jew as not only, to the author, his most significant feature, but also as accounting for much in his existence, in his persistence, which otherwise would be difficult to explain. That persistence of the Jew, scattered, persecuted, shunned, is one of the world-problems; and the consideration comes to one when confronted with Mr. Zangwill's deft drawing of his character, that in spite of his irrepressible and ineradicable peculiarities it is the strange chameleon quality in the Jew which has assisted most in his preservation, the power to persuade even himself of his capacity to assimilate an alien nationality, while most fiercely conscious of the immanence of his own. In only one of his tales, "The Bearer of Burdens", does the author sacrifice his commendable detachment and indulge in the style of pathos with which Dickens would have disgusted us, but he atones for his lapse by a fine impartiality in "The Hirelings" with its admirable contrast of the artistic and political inspirations.

"Sweet Rogues." By Owen Vaughan. London: Duckworth. 1907. 6s.

The boisterous spirits of the author are contagious. "Sweet Rogues" is not a particularly good story of its kind. The plot is neither coherent nor convincing, but Mr. Vaughan exhibits such evident pleasure in the telling of his tale that the reader must be something of a churl who is not carried away by the author's enthusiasm. The story deals with the fortunes of two gay Welsh captains of Prince Rupert, by name Red Ned Pugh and Phil Trevor. But although King Charles and Prince Rupert are introduced in the first chapter the story is not of the conventional Cavalier and Roundhead type. It lays no claim to the title of historical romance. There is a fine swashbuckling air about Phil and Red Ned. They bob up serenely after every misadventure and prove themselves irresistible in love or war. The "Sweet Rogues" are the two fair ladies whom the heroes set out to win. They are at first, of course, disdainful and antagonistic, but equally of course they succumb in the end to the powers of their admirers. The author shows lack of invention and little or no skill in the handling of his characters, but his story is pleasant and readable. It is a triumph of manner.

"In Pastures New." By George Ade. London: Grant Richards. 1907. 6s.

We are grateful to Mr. George Ade, not so much for his strictures on our national foibles (which, however, we accept with meekness) as for introducing to our notice Mr. Peasley, of Iowa, U.S.A. Mr. Peasley is a not unworthy successor of that other "Tramp Abroad" who delighted us in the 'seventies. His reflections are crisp and quaint. Take this, for instance, on the English drama: "Saw new problem play last evening—new play, but same old bunch of trouble. Each principal character failed to marry the person with whom he



or she was really in love. Marriages did not interfere with love affairs, but helped to complicate the plot. Discovered why we can never have a great native drama in the States—we have no open fireplaces in which to destroy incriminating papers. Impossible to destroy papers at a steam radiator." In Egypt, however, Mr. Peasley finds his newer pastures. To steam up the Nile in his company is to encounter old facts dressed up in new garments. The secret of American humour is perhaps to exaggerate and travesty realities with a serious countenance. When this is well done it is amusing; and Mr. Peasley does it well.

**"Merry-Garden, and other Stories."** By "Q" (A. T. Quiller-Couch). London: Methuen. 1907. 6s.

Five stories of Cornwall, one of the Navy in press-gang times, and one legend of mediæval France, all presented in Mr. Quiller-Couch's engaging manner. Here is good entertainment, but, at this time of day, inadequate material for the critic. What is one to say to the reader who knows "Q's" short stories, and how can one describe them to the unlettered wight who knows them not? "Merry-Garden" itself is a capital frolic, while others of the batch show us Cornish smugglers and fishermen in their best form. On the whole the book inclines to the farcical side of its author's talent, but there is an odd psychical puzzle in "The Bend of the Road", very well constructed, of which we are absolutely certain that the inventor has not the key. We seem to have seen a yarn of the Looe "Die-hards" before in some magazine or other, but the volume contains no note of its previous appearance.

**"Human Affairs."** By Vincent O'Sullivan. London: Nutt. 1907. 6s.

The seven stories that make up this volume exhibit much power. In his capacity for depicting the horrible Mr. O'Sullivan will stand comparison with Edgar Allan Poe. He writes with unflinching cruelty. The best and longest story in the volume, "Verschoyle's House", is a masterpiece of pitiless psychology. The author spares neither himself nor his readers. In unable hands the story might easily have degenerated into crude melodrama. By his treatment of it Mr. O'Sullivan places himself among the present-day writers of fiction who matter. Each piece in the volume is remarkable. "At the Revue" and "After Dinner" are little gems of irony. There is nothing pleasant in Mr. O'Sullivan's stories or in his way of telling them, but they leave a clear, sharp impression.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

**"A History of the United States."** Vols. VI. and VII. By J. F. Rhodes. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1906. 24s.

In these two volumes Dr. Rhodes carries his history up to 1877, when self-government in the South was finally restored and the grotesque carpet-bag régime came to an end. We could have wished that so sane and fair-minded a writer should have brought his work up to more recent times, for we think that in the seven volumes which he has already given us Dr. Rhodes has provided the world with far the best existing narrative of the events which led up to and followed the Civil War as well as of the war itself, apart from more merely technical military treatises. In these volumes he deals with three great events in recent American history, the impeachment of President Johnson in 1868, the "Alabama" quarrel with England, and the Hayes-Tilden contest. There can be no doubt now that the verdict of "Not Guilty" was the right one in Johnson's case. The Republican party was bent on his destruction, and it required a great deal of courage on the part of a Republican senator to vote "Not Guilty". Ross, the representative of Arkansas, stood firm, though he was threatened with assassination, not so improbable a sequence to a vote against his party in those days as it appears to-day. A few others took the same honest course, and the Republican party managers used the least reputable methods to convict them of bribery, an honest verdict being evidently an incomprehensible phenomenon; the telegraph offices were ransacked and private letters opened; nothing was ever discovered to impair the integrity of the seven Republicans who spoiled the party game on this occasion. As to the other two striking episodes during this portion of the history, the "Alabama" arbitration and the Hayes-Tilden presidential contest, in the first case Mr. Rhodes very properly condemns in the strongest way the monstrous

iniquity of the "indirect claims". As to Sumner's famous speech of April 1869 he writes: "Of all the outrageous claims of which our diplomatic annals are full [this is a veracious touch] I can call to mind none more so than this." It may be remembered that Sumner, then the Chairman of the Committee of the Senate on Foreign Relations, had modestly computed our indebtedness to the United States at 2,225,000,000 dollars, of which 2,000 millions were on account of our being guilty of "prolonging the war". The actual indirect claims were of course a mere shadow of this, but they were ignominiously rejected by the Geneva tribunal which in the end was far from friendly to us. Nor was it indeed a very competent body, being either ignorant or hostile, as is evident from the comments of the late Lord Selborne. It was clear we ought to pay something; the sum we had to pay was grossly in excess of the wrong we had done. Dr. Rhodes is not un-naturally lenient in his view as to the merits of the arbitrators; the excess of compensation over the ultimate claims is however a strong fact on Selborne's side. Dr. Rhodes tells in considerable detail the discreditable story of the presidential contest when Tilden was elected and Hayes returned. The solution was an abominable fraud on the majority of electors, but it was better than another civil war. Hayes was we fancy at that time, 1877, a better man than Tilden; he would have been a much better man still if he had refused to occupy the White House, to which the way had been so scandalously opened. But it must be remembered that to retire at the end would have been to abandon his party, which would have required more moral courage than most politicians possess. At the end, too, of Grant's two régimes the political atmosphere was vitiated to a degree incomparably worse than even in the United States of to-day. It is due to Hayes to point out that under his rule a juster régime was inaugurated in the South, and the monstrous abomination of the negro domination became a thing of the past.

**"Coillard of the Zambesi."** By C. W. Mackintosh. London: Unwin. 1907. 16s. net.

Nearly half a century of missionary effort is covered by this record of the work of François and Christina Coillard among the Basutos and the Barotsi. It is a beautiful story of Christian devotion in the interests of the heathen, forming the background of the almost idyllic attachment of two people who renounced civilisation and friends in response to a call which carried them through thirty years of trial, privation and danger. Coillard was French, his wife Scotch, and two people better fitted to be helpmeets and supports in a life's endeavour surely never came together. He did great work in a part of Africa now British at a time when the white man was practically unknown to the natives. In working for Christianity he was also paving the way to British dominion. He enjoyed the confidence of Lewanika and the chiefs, and when the Chartered Company came he was the man who made the essentials of the new order of things clear to the Barotsi people. He was instrumental in saving Barotsiland from the encroachments of the Portuguese, and neither the Chartered Company nor Lewanika was slow to make handsome acknowledgment of his services. The book is of profound interest to all who care for something more than mere adventures. It is perhaps a little long. As however it contains much valuable information concerning the hinterland of the Zambesi in the days before and immediately after it came under British influences, it may be read with as much advantage by the imperial politician as by the student of missionary achievement.

**"Psychology Applied to Legal Evidence."** By G. F. Arnold. London: Thacker. 11s. 6d. net.

If Mr. Arnold had known nothing of law and something of psychology, or nothing of psychology and something of law, he could have written a useful book on the subject with which he was acquainted. As it is he has composed a treatise which is a fearful and wonderful mélange and neither one nor the other. The psychological part is an anthology collected from most of the modern psychologists—an impressive demonstration of Mr. Arnold's industry as a reader—which he imagines has some connection with legal principles and rules of evidence. The legal part consists of the fallacious application of these quotations to the legal principles and rules. If any reader who is sufficiently acquainted with Wills, Best, Stephens and Pollock has the necessary time to spare, and wishes for prolonged exercise in detecting fallacies, we can recommend the book; otherwise not. After he has come to the conclusion that there is nothing serious in Mr. Arnold's criticisms and has ceased to be irritated by them he will be amused. If he has not much time to spare we refer him to the chapter on Negligence as typical and sufficient.

**"Trial of Deacon Brodie."** Edited by William Roughead. London: Sweet and Maxwell. 5s. net.

Robert Louis Stevenson found in Deacon Brodie a subject round which his romantic imagination could play. Mr. Roughead has edited the actual records of this remarkable criminal as they appear in the trial, which was worthy of his unique reputation. The Scottish people have always kept the Deacon's memory green and his legend and tradition have been

cherished as faithfully as any of the popular traditions of the eighteenth century. Deacon Brodie's house is still one of the bits of old Edinburgh that all sightseers visit. In Kay's "Portraits" there is no more familiar figure. The trial interested the Deacon's contemporaries immensely: it interests us of the twentieth century because it is so very vivid a picture of Edinburgh of the eighteenth century. This and not the forensic interest, as it is in the other trials of the series, is the distinguishing feature of this trial, though the advocacy of the famous John Clerk was never surpassed for ability and fearlessness in either England or Scotland.

"The Colour of London." By W. J. Loftie. Illustrated by Yoshio Markino. London: Chatto and Windus. 1907. 20s. net.

The "colour book" fashion is still at its height, and by the time we begin to get really good work in colour for book illustration it will probably go out. At present most of this work is very unattractive to people who have any eye for colour. The old oleograph is quite preferable to the gaudy, garish pictures that pass muster as "beautiful" among those who may know what is good house painter and varnisher work, but do not understand the elements of art or taste. This volume, though the title makes one a little suspicious, is however well above the colour-book average. Oddly enough, the text—which is good in another way—seems to have nothing to do with colour, London or other, and we are at a loss to understand why the author was chosen to accompany the artist or the artist the author. The artist's work unfortunately has to be reproduced on that shining, rather smelling kind of paper which is such a disagreeable feature of many illustrated books to-day, but some of it is striking and original. Many of the faces do not look like English faces—for instance, in the very clever sketch of "Ladies crossing Piccadilly" in a fog—and there is a certain foreign look and feeling about other sketches intended to represent essentially English scenes and people. But we have seen no book of the sort illustrated by an English artist which gets so well the atmosphere of London by night as this volume does. "Church Parade" is one of the artist's happiest efforts, a really clever bit of work. We cannot say much for "Constitution Hill", but in some cases the artist has probably suffered somewhat in the process of reproduction.

"Field Paths and Green Lanes" By Louis Jennings. London: Murray. 1907. 2s. 6d. net.

We are pleased to see a new and cheap edition of this sprightly and interesting book. Jennings, as he once severely told an inquisitive commercial traveller in the Rutland Arms Hotel at Bakewell, "travelled in ideas", and no guide book to Surrey or Sussex is so good as this work of his in the way local history and character and scenery are intermingled. Jennings had something of the skill of Cobbett in telling of his rambles in this part of England, though of course he lacked Cobbett's great force and individuality. His book was never intended as a guide, yet it does really contain an account of the Dorking district in particular which covers all a tourist need get information about. Jennings touched on matters of husbandry, on literary association and on rural life and character always with skill and nicety. We remember hearing a good judge say of him in the House of Commons that he was the most accomplished of journalists; but Jennings was more than that, as this among several of his books shows clearly enough. And how versatile a man Jennings was! The neat and pungent House of Commons debater, the clever political publicist is not to be recognised in these pages. Yet probably the real Louis Jennings is to be found here rather than in his work as party politician. Politics was a business with him. He roamed about England and wrote of its life and scenery because he really cared much for these things.

"A Historical Geography of the British Colonies." Vol. VI. Australasia. By J. D. Rogers. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1907. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Rogers goes over familiar ground with a fresh eye and a lively appreciation of the possibilities of his subject. He has been at great pains to secure the most trustworthy information, and naively confesses that in some cases his orthography is not unchallengeable. "I am still not quite sure how to spell Menihiki, Urewera, Pango Pango, or Malmesbury; and I am puzzled whether to write Cook Islands or Cook's Islands." He has given us an admirable text-book, as simple in its arrangement as it is well informed. It strikes us as a little quaint, perhaps, to read of the politicians who helped to bring Queensland into existence as "men-midwives", but that is a small detail. The impression left by the book is that Mr. Rogers has marshalled a vast army of facts with real literary generalship, and discussed problems, such as that of the status of certain Pacific groups, with a skill which is all the more masterly because he does not pretend to be able to solve them himself.

"Charles James Fox: a Commentary on his Life and Character." By Walter Savage Landor. London: Murray. 1907. 9s. net.

Mr. Stephen Wheeler has edited Landor's "Charles James Fox", which is published in an attractive volume containing a

delightful photogravure portrait of Fox. This commentary was originally printed in 1812, but is now published for the first time. The MS. has been lost and Mr. Wheeler has been able to trace only one printed copy, Lord Crewe's, which has been transcribed. Monckton Milnes himself believed the copy to be unique. It was certainly well worth publishing, and the editor has done his work with care and precision. The comments are on Trotter's "Memoirs of Charles James Fox", which appeared in 1811 and quickly ran through several editions. They are drastic and extraordinarily bitter, and should not be overlooked by any serious student of the period and its leading politicians.

"The Social Status of the Soldier in connection with Recruiting." By Major Arthur Haggard. London: United Service Gazette Offices. 6d.

Major Haggard has done useful service in calling attention to the immense importance of improving the soldier's social status; and we commend civilians as well as soldiers to read his little work. It is true that the soldier's lot has been vastly improved of late years. He is far better fed, paid, clothed, housed and looked after than was formerly the case. But of course there still remains much to be done; and many valuable suggestions are put forward by Major Haggard. Nevertheless we must admit that even if all these suggestions were carried out, the recruiting problem would still be far from solved. Nothing short of increasing the soldier's pay to an altogether prohibitive rate could do that under a voluntary system.

### SOME BOOKS ON ART.

"Thomas Stothard, R.A." By A. C. Coxhead. London: Bollen. 1906. 16s. net.

Stothard ranks with the public of to-day among the half-forgotten. His art makes probably but little appeal to those whose taste is formed by the art of our time; and in spite of the craze among collectors for the pretty things of the eighteenth century, he has found as yet no vogue. Something of this is due no doubt to the fact that the great bulk of his work was book-illustration. His oil pictures are mostly small and few, and make no great show in a gallery, though, at least in his earlier maturity, Stothard's grace is a genuine quality, and some of these small pictures have real charm. As a book-illustrator Stothard was enormously prolific, and the long period covered by his work marks a whole transition in English art. Book-illustration in the mid-eighteenth century was dominated in England by the Frenchman Gravelot, who worked for years in this country and who taught Gainsborough. It was in the vein of Gravelot's charming illustrations to Richardson's "Pamela" that the young Stothard designed his plates for the same novelist's "Clarissa" and "Grandison". Nothing in their way could be better than these illustrations; they are delicate and naturally graceful without being mannered or insipid, they have no touch of the unreality which infects Stothard's fancy when he ventures into history or times and countries removed from his own. And how thorough is his accomplishment! These designs cannot fully be appreciated except in the original drawings, made with a brush in Indian ink with wonderful lightness of touch. His skill in throwing his figures together into a natural composition is disguised by his facility, but might well provoke the envy of many a forcible painter of to-day. Stothard is not to be dismissed as "pretty-pretty". He must not be judged solely or chiefly by the plates to Rogers' "Italy", perhaps the best known of his illustrations, owing to his collaboration with Turner. There we find him in his old age, still popular, having passed under the potent influence of the age of Lawrence and the "Keepsake", of steel-engraving and the vignette. There is still something genuine persisting in the pretty compositions, but perhaps the alloy outweighs it. Mr. Coxhead, who has unfortunately, we understand, not lived to see the publication of his book, has written a thorough and serviceable work, involving much patient labour. Stothard's life was not eventful, but he lived in an

(Continued on page 628.)

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interesting time; and all that there is to be known Mr. Coxhead has told us in the brief memoir prefixed to his detailed account of the artist's work.

"Crome's Etchings." By H. S. Theobald. London: Macmillan. 1906. 10s. 6d. net.

This is a descriptive catalogue of John Crome's etchings, preceded by a short account of his life and a list of representative paintings. Mr. Theobald appreciates the etchings rather above their worth, though they have been unduly neglected. Crome was not at home with the needle as he was with the brush; there was no scope in etching for the modulated delicacy of an essentially broad handling in which, as a painter, he has scarcely a superior among Englishmen. He never, like Rembrandt, explored the possibilities of the process of biting and printing, and took minor Dutchmen for his model. Yet his "Mousehold Heath", with its grand sky of rolling clouds, remains one of the fine things in English etching. In its published state the sky was removed; this was done by other hands after his death, and the plate ruined. If a catalogue was to be made, it could not be better done than it is by Mr. Theobald. But most people will be more interested by his account of the paintings. Mr. Theobald adopts Mr. Reeve's views, and will accept as genuine only a small fraction of the pictures attributed to Crome. Mr. Reeve is extremely exacting in his judgment, and may often seem to err on the side of caution. Yet those who know something of the Norwich school—and no one knows so much as Mr. Reeve—are aware that not only are genuine Cromes extremely rare, but that several of the Norwich group, little known to the outside world, were men of great ability and capable of work which anyone who has not studied the school may be forgiven for ascribing to its first great master. This is not to mention the very numerous forgeries by the clever rogue Paul and his family, which figure as Cromes in so many collections and fetch good prices, as such, in London auction-rooms. We incline to agree with Mr. Theobald that the Crome in the Tate Gallery is an imitation, painted from one of Crome's etchings by a member of the school. But we cannot go so far as some authorities in rejecting such a picture as the Huth "Lane Scene" recently sold at Christie's. This is not included in Mr. Theobald's list; but that list does not claim to include every genuine picture. Many will feel that it ought to be larger, and doubtless a good number of works could be added to it. The list is, however, valuable in containing none but certain pictures, which supply a solid criterion. Collectors of the Norwich school will do well to study these thoroughly. Mr. Samuel's beautiful study, here called "Thistle and Water-vole", would be more accurately entitled "Poppy and Mole". And Mr. Binyon's "Portfolio" monograph on Crome and Cotman appeared in 1897, not in 1879.

"The Child in Art." By Margaret Boyd Carpenter. London: Methuen. 1906. 6s.

Here is a popular and attractive subject which might have been explored and illustrated to good purpose, and in the right hands have made a book not merely popular but of serious and fine interest. The present volume is summary and superficial; the writer has an unfortunate instinct for the obvious and the trite. She insists on the almost entire absence of children in Greek sculpture, but does not mention the terra-cottas, which afford delightful examples. A sweeping dismissal of Eastern art ignores the hundreds of children, full of life and laughter, in Chinese and Japanese painting. German art is summed up in Dürer and Holbein, though Cranach and Altdorfer, with their playful or elfish fancy, were just the artists to illustrate this theme. Gerritsz Cuyp and Hals are not noticed among the Dutchmen; nor does the author seem aware of the drawings of Rembrandt, which include so many real and touching studies of child-life. In short, the beaten track is rarely left; nor are familiar pictures of Raphael, Rubens, Murillo, Reynolds, and others treated with any freshness of touch or insight.

For this Week's Books see page 630.

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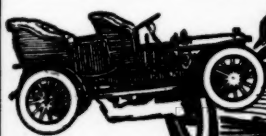
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To Mining Expenses .. .. .	£ 37,172 4 11	£ 0 12 2'863
Developing .. .. .	750 4 11	0 0 3'004
Reduction Expenses .. .. .	22,267 19 10	0 7 3'977
General Expenses .. .. .	2,490 2 0	0 0 9'838
Amount written off for additions to Machinery and Plant .. .. .	1,464 10 0	0 0 5'786
Head Office Expenses .. .. .	2,831 1 4	0 0 11'185
Working Profit .. .. .	£ 66,936 3 9	£ 1 2 0'650
	67,087 12 0	1 2 1'050
	£ 134,073 15 9	£ 2 4 1'700
	Value.	Value per ton milled.
Cr.	£ 134,073 15 9	£ 2 4 1'700
By Gold Account .. .. .		

Dr.	£ s. d.
To Donations .. .. .	60 5 0
Profits Tax (Estimated) .. .. .	5,001 0 0
Net Profit .. .. .	63,850 0 5
	£ 60,001 14 5
Cr.	£ s. d.
By Working Profit brought down .. .. .	67,087 12 0
Interest and Sundry Revenue .. .. .	1,914 2 5
	£ 69,001 14 5

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Less Amount appropriated for additions to Machinery and Plant .. .. .	1,500 0 0
Credit .. .. .	£ 586 4 0

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GOLD RESERVE.—The Reserve Gold in hand at 31st March amounted to 6,560'359 fine ozs.  
DIVIDEND.—An Interim Dividend (No. 35) of 110 per cent. was declared on 12th March for the period ending 31st March, and will be payable on or about 6th May, 1907, from London and Johannesburg Offices to Shareholders registered in the Company's books on 31st March, 1907. Holders of Share Warrants to bearer will receive payment of Coupon No. 23 attached thereto on presentation either at the London Office of the Company or at the Head Office, The Corner House, Johannesburg.  
Head Office Expenses are subject to adjustment, the closing entries not having been received from London at the date of this report.

\* LONDON OFFICE NOTE.—Warrants in payment of Dividend No. 35 were posted to European Shareholders from the London Office on 4th May, 1907.

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To Mining Expenses .. .. .	£ 56,606 11 3	£ 0 12 2'006
Developing .. .. .	5,900 2 3	0 1 3'244
Reduction Expenses .. .. .	28,422 15 3	0 6 1'321
General Expenses .. .. .	3,027 6 3	0 0 7'809
Head Office Expenses .. .. .	2,932 9 11	0 0 7'565
Working Profit .. .. .	£ 96,898 4 11	£ 1 0 0'965
	180,145 1 11	1 18 8'717
	£ 277,043 6 10	£ 2 19 6'682
Cr.	Value.	Value per ton milled.
By Gold Account .. .. .	£ 277,043 6 10	£ 2 19 6'682

Dr.	£ s. d.
To Interest, Exchange and Commission, &c. .. .. .	£ 2,034 14 3
Profits Tax (Estimated) .. .. .	16,054 0 0
Net Profit .. .. .	164,495 11 4
	£ 182,584 5 7

Cr.	£ s. d.
By Balance Working Profit brought down .. .. .	£ 180,145 1 11
Interest and Sundry Revenue .. .. .	2,439 3 8
	£ 182,584 5 7

## CAPITAL EXPENDITURE.

Machinery and Plant .. .. .	£ 11,242 19 7
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GOLD RESERVE.—The Reserve Gold in hand at 31st March amounted to 16,191'487 fine ozs.

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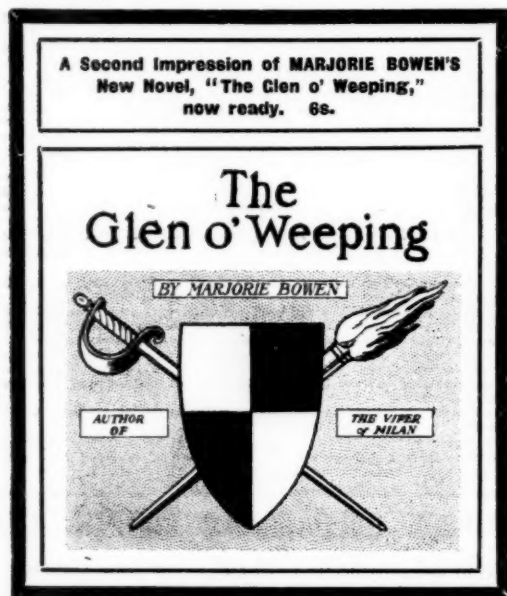
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## ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET.

The annual general meeting of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company was held on Wednesday, at the Cannon Street Hotel, Mr. Owen Phillips, M.P., presiding.

The Chairman said the accounts for 1906, for the fourth year in succession, showed an improvement, which might not be so great as some proprietors hoped for, but the advance not only in gross earnings, but, what was more important, also in net income, had been steady and continuous, and although the shipping trade was always liable to fluctuation, the prospect for the holders of the ordinary stock was brighter now than it had been for many years. The cost of bunker coals in 1906 was higher per ton than in 1905, but he was pleased to be able to say that they had made some very favourable contracts for a large quantity of Welsh coal at considerably lower prices than those now current, and in order to keep down working expenses they were arranging, wherever possible, for steamers to take a larger quantity of bunker coal in England. The directors had set aside £73,000 for depreciation, as compared with £141,000 for 1905. They were able, out of the available balance, to recommend the payment of 5 per cent. on the Preference stock; in future the dividend on the Preference shares would be paid half-yearly, in accordance with the suggestion of a large number of proprietors. The year before he became chairman the Company passed the Ordinary dividend, and also showed a loss on the trading, and this was the fifth year that they had been unable to pay an Ordinary dividend. He hoped, if all went well, the directors would be able to pay a dividend on the Ordinary stock, of which he was a considerable holder, at the end of the current year. The difficulty that shipowners had to contend with, both in Brazil and the Argentine, was that the shipping trade had increased much quicker than the facilities of the ports; but the Government of both countries appeared anxious to do all that was possible to relieve the present congestion of traffic at the ports. There had been a general revival of trade in Australia, and the Australian Government seemed desirous of doing everything in their power to increase the number of white immigrants, provided they were of a suitable class. He was of opinion that the great and fertile country of Australia only required to be better known in order to attract a much larger population. As to the West Indian service, notwithstanding that the last Government withdrew their mail subsidy of £84,500 a year, the Company had been able to retain their hold on the trade. It had been very uphill work, and they had only been able to achieve success by persistent efforts and by continuing the voyages of their main line steamers from Jamaica to New York. The question of whether mail subsidies were or were not necessary was probably one about which there would be differences of opinion for many years. It was doubtful if any country gained by paying a subsidy to shipowners except for services actually rendered. If the money saved by the Government was spent in improving and cheapening cable communications the necessity for very fast mail steamers would disappear, as very fast steamers were not so comfortable for passengers as large steamers of more moderate speed. These remarks about subsidies did not apply to any service which was maintained solely on national and Imperial grounds, and where, as in the inter-colonial service in the West Indies, there was no trade to justify any service at all on a commercial basis. The board had received more proxies than ever in support of their policy, and he would never rest satisfied till the Company took its right place in the front rank of successful steamship enterprises. He moved the adoption of the report, and the payment of a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on the Preference stock.

Mr. Spencer H. Curtis seconded the motion, which after some discussion was agreed to, with one dissentient regarding the new form of accounts.

A special general meeting was afterwards held to settle the remuneration to be paid to Mr. Phillips as managing director. After a long discussion it was resolved, on the motion of Mr. Austen, seconded by Mr. Heald, that the managing director should receive 1 per cent. on the gross receipts in any year when 5 per cent. was paid on the Ordinary stock, and £5,000 in any year in which 5 per cent. on the Ordinary stock was not paid.

## NITRATE PRODUCERS' STEAMSHIP.

The twelfth annual general meeting of the shareholders of the Nitrate Producers' Steamship Co., Limited, was held yesterday at 20 Billiter Buildings, E.C., Mr. John Latta (Chairman of the Company), presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. James A. Walker) having read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report,

The Chairman said: The accounts have been presented in their usual form, and do not call for any special comment. You are to be congratulated on having a result slightly better than last year, as the West Coast trade in which our steamers are principally engaged has never been worse. The relatively higher earnings displayed are mainly due to old contracts entered into before freights collapsed. Delays on the West Coast have been more serious than ever, and the present acute labour position is very critical; in fact, at some ports labourers are quite unobtainable. This has naturally increased expenses in these waters. Fortunately the rate of Exchange has not been so low for years, and in consequence, our total West Coast expenses are not much higher than last year. I may, however, point out that a disbursement account of £1,000 calculated at an Exchange of 10d. would develop into £1,500 with Exchange at 18d. Exchange during the year fell to the former abnormally low point, but will no doubt speedily rise to a normal figure, when the full extent of the greatly increased charges will be acutely felt. If the general outlook in the West Coast trade does not improve, it will be necessary to employ some of our steamers in other trades. Speaking generally, British shipping does not offer much inducement to the investor. I say "British shipping," for I am not one of those who think the world's shipping trade is done, or cannot be carried on at a profit. On the contrary, it seems to me the evidence is all the other way; but my point is that British shipowners, without some relief, cannot maintain the unequal combat with foreigners much longer. Never in the history of the world have there been so many ships, nor has so much new tonnage in steadily increasing quantities been launched. British shipping has had a great lead in the world's carrying trade, and if Britain loses that lead it will be a bad day for the Empire. If things go as they are going such a result is inevitable, and the profits derivable from British shipping, to which Mr. Asquith made a special reference at the Colonial Conference, will be a thing of the past. Why do the balance-sheets of German shipping companies, in what we in England call "depressed times," show larger profits than English companies display in booming times? Well, German shipowners enjoy the support that the German nation can give it. English shipowners are considered by their Government to be a class of trader who do not require even mere moral national support. On the contrary, they are regarded as being able to bear steadily increasing burdens, and certain enormous amendments to the Merchant Shipping Act and the Workmen's Compensation Act have now been added, and, as usual, how their incidence will affect British shipowners in competition with the foreigner is left out of consideration. You will recollect that I spoke last year of the special disabilities to which our steamers were subjected, and which, unfortunately, are not peculiar to our trade, or our steamers only. Owing to flying the British flag, our steamers cannot carry any more cargo from Corozal to Iquique, where the weather for the greater part of the year is fine and the sea smooth, than they are permitted to carry in the Atlantic, where the conditions bear no comparison. On the other hand, our Chilean and other West Coast competitors can carry, with no extra risk whatever to life or limb on the voyage, at least 75 per cent. more cargo; i.e., a ship of 8,000 tons can lift 600 tons more cargo, which at 10s. per ton is £300 more earning power on a five days' trip. This state of things ought not to be, and the end of such unfair competition is soon reached. It will be the constant effort of your directors to do the best possible to maintain the reputation of this Company, and each succeeding year demonstrates the wisdom of the conservative policy we have observed in the past, which stands us in such good stead to-day. It enabled us to build additional steamers out of profits, and so increase our earning power in good times, without

at the same time adding to our capital. It has been suggested by certain of our shareholders that as my firm manage two other companies, viz. the Southern Steam Shipping Co. and the Seaford Shipping Co., both companies being in a satisfactory financial position, it would be in the interests of those companies, as well as in the interests of this Company, to amalgamate. We have not so far given the matter our consideration; but our Company being relatively small, it is possible such an amalgamation would be for the general benefit. In that connection consideration will be given to the suggestion, and you will, of course, be given the opportunity of recording your opinion on the advisability of the scheme should it mature. I now move the adoption of the report.

Colonel Church seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously.

The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

## HARRISON, AINSIE & CO.

The second ordinary general meeting of Harrison, Ainsie & Co., Limited, was held on Thursday at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Sir Owen R. Slacke, C.B. (the Chairman), presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. J. Craven Smith) read the formal notice and the report of the auditors.

The Chairman said: When last I had the pleasure of addressing the shareholders in general meeting I stated it was the intention of the directors to open up all the property in our possession, which, to refresh your memory, I may say, consists of about 3,000 acres of lease and free hold lands in the Furness district of Lancashire, and which produces hematite ore of the best description. The record given you—first, by the half-yearly report on June 12, 1906, and more recently by the report now before you—shows that the results have been, and continue to be, highly satisfactory. You may remember that the resident manager's report on our first year's operation, which I read in detail to you, embraced only what may be termed the Buccleuch range; for in the Muncaster portion of the estate, which includes a large area, development had then scarcely begun, owing to unavoidable delays in settlement of the leases. It is not my intention to weary you on this occasion by reading Mr. Ray's (our efficient manager) report for last year, which, naturally, is much longer than the first year's; but I may say it is entirely satisfactory. The directors, in their report to you of the 8th inst., have referred to the boreholes and some of the principal discoveries made, which give additional proof of the great value of our property. Since November, 1905, thirty-two boreholes have been put down—twenty-five by hand and seven by Calyx drills. Of the seven Calyx bores, five proved ore—one of which was at a depth of over 1,000 feet—and ten out of the twenty-five hand-bores also proved ore. In a property of the extent of ours, it would, of course, be impossible, in a brief statement like mine, to enumerate all the discoveries made; but to satisfy those who have invested money in what I unhesitatingly term a great undertaking, that the management has not been idle I may mention the large bodies of ore discovered in the Broughton and Lowfield districts and the trial shafts which are being sunk at all points of the property, opening up ore bodies, some entirely new and some being extensions of old ones. On this work about 600 men are employed, and during the period under review 50,000 tons of ore have been raised. Although the results we are able to show are so satisfactory and encouraging, it must not be supposed that no difficulties were encountered, for we had one very adverse element to contend with—the weather—1906 having been in the locality one of the wettest years experienced for a very long time, and caused the water in the flooded range to rise so high that it affected some of the mines in operation, the result being a considerable loss of time and a decrease in our output. In addition to this, the heavy falls of snow caused practically a temporary suspension of work, both above and below ground. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the output of ore has gone on steadily increasing, giving great promise of very large outputs as soon as the new pumps are in operation. I am glad to say, so far, our experience has been that the cost of getting the ore is less than was anticipated and the selling price higher. I should mention that our cold-blast charcoal furnace—the only one in Great Britain—has been relined during the year and continues to do good work. Now I come to the electrical installation. After the fullest inquiries and consideration, the directors came to the conclusion that a large electrical installation, with centrifugal pumps, would be by far the most efficient means to unwater the flooded mines. The estimated cost for this enormous plant and consequent work amounted to £50,000, and the most advantageous mode for providing this sum had to be decided upon. After a thorough examination into the position and prospects, a syndicate, comprised of our own shareholders, agreed to find the money required on terms which must undoubtedly be pronounced to be satisfactory for the Company. By the agreement entered into the Company have the option of leasing for twenty-one years the whole of this plant and appurtenances for a rental of £5,000 a year, merging into a royalty of 1s. per ton, or they can purchase it from the syndicate at an agreed figure of £50,000, the syndicate having the right of taking payment in cash or fully-paid shares at their option. From the report you will see that the syndicate have elected to be paid in shares if the shareholders decide to purchase the plant. This contract does not necessitate any increase in the capital of the Company, but the question arises whether it would not be much more advantageous for the Company to purchase outright this valuable plant, which will be the largest of its kind ever erected, or to take it on a lease on the terms stated. After the fullest consideration, the directors have agreed that the purchase would in every way be the most beneficial. The Company has the advantage of not paying for or taking over the plant until it is proved to be a success and the mines are unwatered. The plant is being supplied by the Electrical Company, and will be capable of dealing with 16,000 gallons of water a minute, gradually decreasing to 8,000 per minute, at the maximum depth, which quantity is largely in excess of anything hitherto encountered, and allows a margin of more than double what we are ever likely to require. During the summer months the inflow of water does not exceed 3,000 gallons a minute, which, consequently, should make the unwatering of the mines with the appliances at our disposal a very quick and easy task. Under all the circumstances, the directors strongly advise the purchase of this valuable electric plant, and they consequently support the special resolution to increase the capital by the creation of 50,000 additional ordinary shares, of which you have each received notice. Another way to look at this matter is that had the capital of the Company in the first instance been £200,000 instead of £150,000, as it might easily have been, having regard to the extent and value of our possessions, we would have, naturally, jumped at the offer to have our large electric pumps, &c., put up and paid for by shares, instead of having to find the cash, and also—what is more important—to take the risk ourselves of the plant turning out well or otherwise. In order that quite an independent conclusion should be arrived at on this matter, the shareholders interested in this syndicate, and who, by reason of their large holdings, could control the decision, have intimated their decision not to vote on the resolution. I may mention that none of the directors have joined the syndicate, as we prefer that our interests should be solely inside the Company. I have now briefly outlined the general development work which has already been carried out, and I have put before you the scheme devised and acted on for the further opening out of the mines; but it remains for me to explain the results anticipated from the operations undertaken. In the first place, I would point out that this large electrical installation is not being established on the chance of finding ore, but on mines which are known to contain an almost inexhaustible supply of ore, for which there is an ever-ready sale at the highest market price. In the second place, I can assure you that the cost of production will be greatly reduced when the new machinery is established. With the mines in full operation, an estimate to produce 1,000 tons of ore per day would be small. Having an inexhaustible supply of the best hematite ore, and the prospect of money to work it, it is difficult to foretell what the profits will amount to. Manifestly, they must be very large—sufficient to satisfy even an avaricious investor. I do not say "speculator," because the element of speculation in this undertaking now scarcely exists. I beg to move the adoption of the reports and accounts presented.

Mr. G. B. Haddock, M.P., seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

An extraordinary general meeting was then held for the purpose of submitting a resolution increasing the capital of the Company to £200,000 by the creation of 50,000 ordinary shares of £1 each. After discussion the resolution was carried unanimously.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman closed the proceedings.

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